THE

SELECT SPECTATOR.

VOL II.

SELECT SPECTATOR

OR

A SELECTION

OF

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS

PAPERS

FROM THE

SPECTATOR,

phabetically arranged according to their subjects
with a copious TABLE of CONTENTS prefixed.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

STOURBRIDGE.
PRINTED BY J. WEST
MDCCLXXXIX.

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Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter. Hor.

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Select

Select Spectator.

No. 600. Wedneſday, September 29.

-----Solemque ſuum, ſua ſidera nôrunt.

Virg. Æn. 6. v. 641.

Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.

DRYDEN.

I Have always taken a particular pleaſure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the ſoul, and the ſtate of happineſs which they promiſe themſelves in another world. For whatever prejudice and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reaſon, or tradition from our firſt parents, has diſcovered to all people ſomething in theſe great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately diſcourſing on this ſubject with a learned perſon, who has been very much converſant among the inhabitants of the more weſtern parts of *Africk*. Upon his converſing with

ſeveral in that country, he tells me that their notion of *Heaven* or of a future ſtate of happineſs is this, that every thing we there wiſh for will immediately preſent itſelf to us. We find, ſay they, our ſouls are of ſuch a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the ſame objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taſte of happineſs which he has planted in the ſoul of man, will raiſe up from time to time, ſay they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleaſed with. If we wiſh to be in groves or bowers, among running ſtreams or falls of water, we ſhall immediately find ourſelves in the midſt of ſuch a ſcene as we deſire. If we would be entertained with muſic and the melody of ſounds, the conſort ariſes upon our wiſh, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In ſhort, every deſire will be followed by fruition, and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be preſent with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wiſhes, or whether He only produces ſuch a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourſelves converſant among thoſe ſcenes which delight us. Our happineſs will be the ſame, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impreſſions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithſtanding this ſyſtem of belief be in general very chimerical and viſionary, there is ſomething ſublime in its manner of conſidering the influence

influence of a Divine Being on a human ſoul. It has alſo, like moſt other opinions of the heathen world upon theſe important points, it has, I ſay its foundation in truth, as it ſuppoſes the ſouls of good men after this life to be in a ſtate of perfect happineſs, that in this ſtate there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitleſs wiſhes, and that we ſhall enjoy every thing we can deſire. But the particular circumſtance which I am moſt pleaſed with in this ſcheme, and which ariſes from a juſt reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleaſures which it ſuppoſes the ſouls of good men will be poſſeſſed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reaſon and revelation. The ſoul conſiſts of many faculties, as the underſtanding, and the will, with all the ſenſes both outward and inward; or to ſpeak more philoſophically, the ſoul can exert herſelf in many different ways of action. She can underſtand, will, imagine, ſee, and hear, love, and diſcourſe, and apply herſelf to many other the like exerciſes of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be conſidered, the ſoul is capable of receiving a moſt exquiſite pleaſure and ſatisfaction from the exerciſe of any of theſe its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; ſhe can be intirely happy by the ſatisfaction of the memory, the ſight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a diſtinct taſte in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper reliſh. Doctor *Tillotſon* ſomewhere ſays that he will not preſume to determine in what

conſiſts the happineſs of the bleſt, becauſe God Almighty is capable of making the ſoul happy by ten thouſand different ways. Beſides thoſe ſeveral avenues to pleaſure which the ſoul is endowed with in this life; it is not impoſſible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the *ſouls of good men made perfect*, as well as new ſenſes in their *glorified bodies*. This we are ſure of, that there will be new objects offered to all thoſe faculties which are eſſential to us.

We are likewiſe to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The underſtanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewiſe may turn itſelf to an infinite multitude of objects, eſpecially when the ſoul ſhall have paſſed through the ſpace of many millions of years, and ſhall reflect with pleaſure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be conſidered in the ſame extent.

We cannot queſtion but that the happineſs of a ſoul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie uſeleſs and unemployed. The happineſs is to be the happineſs of the whole man, and we may eaſily conceive to ourſelves the happineſs of the ſoul, while any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happineſs may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is ſo; but as the whole ſoul

acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole ſoul is happy in the pleaſure which ariſes from any of its particular acts. For notwithſtanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greateſt modern philoſophers, we divide the ſoul into ſeveral powers and faculties, there is no ſuch diviſion in the ſoul itſelf, ſince it is the whole ſoul that remembers, underſtands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of conſidering the memory, underſtanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to expreſs ourſelves in ſuch abſtracted ſubjects of ſpeculation, not that there is any ſuch diviſion in the ſoul itſelf.

Seeing then that the ſoul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intenſely pleaſed, or made happy by all theſe different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with ſeveral latent faculties, which it is not at preſent in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the ſoul is endowed with any faculty which is of no uſe to it; that whenever any one of theſe faculties is tranſcendently pleaſed, the ſoul is in a ſtate of happineſs; and in the laſt place, conſidering that the happineſs of another world is to be the happineſs of the whole man; who can queſtion but that there is an infinite variety in thoſe pleaſures we are ſpeaking of; and that this fulneſs of joy will be made up of all thoſe pleaſures which the nature of the ſoul is capable of receiving?

We ſhall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if

if we obſerve the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The ſoul does not care to be always in the ſame bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleaſure from the novelty of thoſe objects about which they are converſant.

Revelation likewiſe very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happineſs. In the deſcription of the throne of God, it preſents to us all thoſe objects which are able to gratify the ſenſes and imagination: In very many places it intimates to us all the happineſs which the underſtanding can poſſibly receive in that ſtate, when all things ſhall be revealed to us, and we ſhall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleaſures of converſing with our Bleſſed Saviour, with an innumerable hoſt of angels, and with the *ſpirits of juſt men made perfect*, are likewiſe revealed to us in ſeveral parts of the holy writings. There are alſo mentioned thoſe hierarchies or governments, in which the bleſt ſhall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be ſure a great part of our happineſs will likewiſe conſiſt; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and ſuperiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that ſtation the moſt proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been ſo happy in any other ſtation. Theſe, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the ſeveral ingredients

dients of our happineſs in *Heaven*, which all imply ſuch a variety of joys, and ſuch a gratification of the ſoul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the cherubims are a ſet of angels who know moſt, and the ſeraphims a ſet of angels who love moſt. Whether this diſtinction be not altogether imaginary, I ſhall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the ſpirits of good men, there may be ſome who will be more pleaſed with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to thoſe innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepeſt root.

I might here apply this conſideration to the ſpirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they ſhall ſuffer in every one of their faculties, and the reſpective miſeries which ſhall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflection of my readers, I ſhall conclude, with obſerving how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which He has beſtowed upon us, for having made the ſoul ſuſceptible of pleaſure by ſo many different ways. We ſee by what a variety of paſſages joy and gladneſs may enter into the thoughts of men; how wonderfully a human ſpirit is framed, to imbibe its proper ſatisfactions, and taſte the goodneſs of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourſelves with rapture and amazement, and cannot ſufficiently expreſs our gratitude to Him, who has encompaſſed

compaſſed us with ſuch a profuſion of bleſſings, and opened in us ſo many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a ſtronger argument that God has deſigned us for a ſtate of future happineſs, and for that *Heaven* which He has revealed to us, than that He has thus naturally qualified the ſoul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving ſo much bliſs. He would never have made ſuch faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on ſuch objects as are ſuited to them. It is very manifeſt, by the inward frame and conſtitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleaſures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We ſhould therefore at all times take care that we do not diſappoint this his gracious purpoſe and intention towards us, and make thoſe faculties which He formed as ſo many qualifications for happineſs and rewards, to be the inſtruments of pain and puniſhment.

Saturday,

No. 99. Saturday, June 23.

.....Turpi ſecernis honeſtum.

Hor. Sat. 6. l. 1. v. 63.

You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong.

THE club of which I have often declared myſelf a member, were laſt night engaged in a diſcourſe upon that which paſſes for the chief point of *Honour* among men and women; and ſtarted a great many hints upon the ſubject, which I thought were entirely new: I ſhall therefore methodize the ſeveral reflections that aroſe upon this occaſion, and preſent my reader with them for the ſpeculation of this day; after having premiſed, that if there is any thing in this paper which ſeems to differ with any paſſage of laſt †*Thurſday's*, the reader will conſider this as the ſentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather thoſe of *Pharamond*.

The great point of *Honour* in man is courage, and in women chaſtity. If a man loſes his *Honour* in one rencounter, it is not impoſſible for him to regain it in another; a ſlip in a woman's *Honour* is irrecoverable. I can give no reaſon for fixing the point of *Honour* to theſe two qualities, unleſs it be that each ſex ſets the greateſt value on the qualification which renders them the

† See Duelling, No. 97.

the moſt amiable in the eyes of the contrary ſex. Had men choſen for themſelves, without regard to the opinions of the fair ſex, I ſhould believe the choice would have fallen on wiſdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of *Honour*, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it againſt chaſtity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female ſex than courage; whether it be that they are pleaſed to ſee one who is a terror to others fall like a ſlave at their feet, or that this quality ſupplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from inſults, and avenging their quarrels, or that courage is a natural indication of a ſtrong and ſprightly conſtitution. On the other ſide nothing makes a woman more eſteemed by the oppoſite ſex than chaſtity; whether it be that we always prize thoſe moſt who are hardeſt to come at, or that nothing beſides chaſtity with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and conſtancy, gives the man a property in the perſon he loves, and conſequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleaſed with a paſſage in the inſcription on a monument erected in *Weſtminſter-Abbey* to the late Duke and Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle*: 'Her 'name was *Margaret Lucas*, youngeſt ſiſter to the 'Lord *Lucas* of *Colcheſter*; *a noble family, for all the 'brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters virtuous.*

In books of chivalry, where the point of *Honour* is ſtrained to madneſs, the whole ſtory runs on chaſtity and courage. The damſel is mounted on a white palfrey,

frey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid ſcandal, muſt have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, 'till ſome misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and, did not gratitude reſtrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her diſdain. However, he muſt wait ſome years in the deſart, before her virgin heart can think of a ſurrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and ſtronger than himſelf, ſeeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after ſeven years rambling returns to his miſtreſs, whoſe chaſtity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In *Spain* where there are ſtill great remains of this romantic humour, it is a tranſporting favour for a lady to caſt an accidental glance on her lover from a window, tho' it be two or three ſtories high; as it is uſual for the lover to aſſert his paſſion for his miſtreſs, in ſingle combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of *Honour* from man to man, is giving the lye. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blaſphemes, and it may paſs unreſented; but to ſay he lyes, tho' but in jeſt, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reaſon perhaps may be, becauſe no other vice implies a want of courage ſo much as the making of a lye; and therefore telling a man he lyes, is touching him in the moſt ſenſible part of *Honour*, and indirectly calling

calling him a coward. I cannot omit under this head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Perſians*, that from the age of five years to twenty they inſtructed their ſons only in three things, to manage the horſe, to make uſe of the bow, and to ſpeak truth.

The placing the point of *Honour* in this falſe kind of courage, has given occaſion to the very refuſe of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common ſenſe, to ſet up for men of *Honour*. An *Engliſh* peer, who has not been long dead, uſed to tell a pleaſant ſtory of a *French* gentleman that viſited him early one morning at *Paris*, and after great profeſſions of reſpect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which, in ſhort, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordſhip the perſon's name who juſtled him as he came out from the opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his lordſhip that he would not deny him the honour of making him his ſecond. The *Engliſh* lord, to avoid being drawn into a very fooliſh affair, told him that he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordſhip would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himſelf was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this falſe notion of *Honour* in ſo vain and lively a people as thoſe of *France*, is deſervedly looked upon as one of the moſt glorious parts of their preſent king's reign. It is pity but the puniſhment of theſe miſchievous notions ſhould have in it

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ſome particular circumſtance of ſhame and infamy; that thoſe who are ſlaves to them may ſee, that inſtead of advancing their reputation they lead them to ignominy and diſhonour.

Death is not ſufficient to deter men who make it their glory to deſpiſe it; but if every one that fought a duel were to ſtand in the pillory, it would quickly leſſen the number of theſe imaginary men of *Honour*, and put an end to ſo abſurd a practice,

When *Honour* is a ſupport to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the law of God and our country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged: But when the dictates of *Honour* are contrary to thoſe of religion and equity, they are the greateſt depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and falſe ideas of what is good and laudable; and ſhould therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human nature.

No. 219. Saturday, November 10.

Vix ea noſtra voco----- Ovid. Met. l. 13. v. 141.

Theſe I ſcarce call our own.

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of grandeur and reſpect, which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The pooreſt mechanick, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his ſet of admirers, and delights in that ſuperiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the ſoul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a perſon's advantage, as it generally does to his uneaſineſs and diſquiet.

I ſhall therefore put together ſome thoughts on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers; and ſhall ſet them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodiſe them.

All ſuperiority and preminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of

Quality,

Quality, which, conſidered at large, is either that of fortune, body or mind. The firſt is that which conſiſts in birth, title, or riches; and is the moſt foreign to our natures, and what we can the leaſt call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality ariſes from health, ſtrength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourſelves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its riſe from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more eſſential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, tho' a man has leſs reaſon to value himſelf upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the moſt ſhining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the moſt reaſonable and genuine ſource of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of ſome particular merit that ſhould recommend men to the high ſtation which they poſſeſs. Holineſs is aſcribed to the pope; majeſty to the king; ſerenity or mildneſs of temper to princes; excellence or perfection to ambaſſadors; grace to archbiſhops; honour to peers; worſhip or venerable behaviour to magiſtrates; and reverence, which is of the ſame import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, ſuch attributes of honour are generally correſpondent with the virtues of the perſon to whom they are applied; but in the deſcendents they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The ſtamp and denomi-

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nation ſtill continues, but the intrinſic value is frequently loſt.

The death-bed ſhews the emptineſs of titles in a true light. A poor diſpirited ſinner lies trembling under the apprehenſions of the ſtate he is entering on; and is aſked by a grave attendant how his holineſs does? Another hears himſelf addreſſed to under the title of highneſs or excellency, who lies under ſuch mean circumſtances of mortality as are the diſgrace of human nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like inſults and mockery than reſpect.

The truth of it is, *Honours* are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppreſſed, and vice triumphant. The laſt day will rectify this diſorder, and aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjuſted, and precedency ſet right.

Methinks we ſhould have an ambition, if not to advance ourſelves in another world, at leaſt to preſerve our poſt in it, and outſhine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a ſtate which is to ſettle the diſtinction for eternity.

Men in ſcripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon earth*, and life a *Pilgrimage*. Several heathens, as well as Chriſtian authors, under the ſame kind of metaphor, have repreſented the world as an inn, which was only deſigned to furniſh us with accommodations in this our paſſage. It is therefore very abſurd to think of ſetting up our reſt before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of

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the reception we ſhall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniencies and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes uſe of another kind of alluſion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be ſatisfied with the poſt in which Providence has placed us. We are here, ſays he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed ſay, that our part does not ſuit us, and that we could act another better. But this (ſays the philoſopher) is not our buſineſs. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has *caſt* our ſeveral parts, and is the great diſpoſer of the drama.

The part that was acted by this philoſopher himſelf was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a ſlave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above mentioned conſideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be *new caſt*, and that mankind will be there ranged in different ſtations of ſuperiority and preeminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their ſeveral poſts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful paſſages in the little apocryphal book, entitled, *The Wiſdom of* Solomon, to ſet forth the vanity of *honour*, and the like tem-

poral bleſſings which are in ſo great repute among men, and to comfort thoſe who have not the poſſeſſion of them. It repreſents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great ſurpriſe which it will produce among thoſe who are his ſuperiors in this. *'Then 'ſhall the righteous man ſtand in great boldneſs be-'fore the face of ſuch as have afflicted him, and 'made no account of his labours. When they ſee it, 'they ſhall be troubled with terrible fear, and ſhall 'be amazed at the ſtrangeneſs of his ſalvation, ſo far 'beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting 'and groaning for anguiſh of ſpirit, ſhall ſay within 'themſelves; this was he whom we had ſometimes 'in deriſion, and a proverb of reproach. We fools 'accounted his life madneſs, and his end to be with-'out honour. How is he numbered among the children 'of God, and his lot among the ſaints!*

If the reader would ſee the deſcription of a life that is paſſed away in vanity and among the ſhadows of pomp and greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary in the preſent conſtitution of things, that order and diſtinction ſhould be kept in the world, we ſhould be happy if thoſe who enjoy the upper ſtations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condeſcenſion make their ſuperiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in meaner poſts of life, would

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conſider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a juſt deference and ſubmiſſion to their ſuperiors, make them happy in thoſe bleſſings with which Providence has thought fit to diſtinguiſh them.

C

No. 471. Saturday, Auguſt 30.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὰς σοφὰς ἔχειν βίον. EURIPID.

The wiſe with hope ſupport the pains of life.

THE *time preſent* ſeldom affords ſufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleaſure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the ſoul in conſtant action, and ſupply an immediate exerciſe to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want buſineſs, but always have materials for thinking, ſhe is endowed with certain powers, that can recall what is paſſed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing preſent to entertain us. It is like thoſe repoſitories in ſeveral animals that are filled with ſtores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their preſent paſture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant

moments, and prevents any chaſm of thought by ideas of what is *paſt*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is *to come*. Theſe are the paſſions of *Hope* and *fear*.

By theſe two paſſions we reach forward in futurity, and bring up to our preſent thoughts objects that lie hid in the remoteſt depths of time. We ſuffer miſery, and enjoy happineſs, before they are in being; we can ſet the ſun and ſtars forward, or loſe ſight of them by wandering into thoſe retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth ſhall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the exiſtence of a creature is to be circumſcribed by time, whoſe thoughts are not? But I ſhall, in this paper, confine myſelf to that particular paſſion which goes by the name of *Hope*.

Our actual enjoyments are ſo few and tranſcient, that man would be a very miſerable being, were he not endowed with this paſſion, which gives him a taſte of thoſe good things that may poſſibly come into his poſſeſſion. *We ſhould* hope *for every thing that is good*, ſays the old Poet *Linus*, *becauſe there is nothing which may not be* hoped *for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.* *Hope* quickens all the ſtill parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her moſt remiſs and indolent hours. It gives habitual ſerenity and good-humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the ſoul, that cheers and gladdens her, when ſhe does not attend to it. It makes pain eaſy and labour pleaſant.

Beſides

Beſides theſe ſeveral advantages which riſe from *Hope*, there is another which is none of the leaſt, and that is, its great efficacy in preſerving us from ſetting too high a value on preſent enjoyments. The ſaying of *Cæſar* is very well known. When he had given away all his eſtate in gratuities among his friends, one of them aſked him what he had left for himſelf; to which that great man replied, *Hope*. His natural magnanimity hindred him from prizing what he was certainly poſſeſſed of, and turned all his thoughts upon ſomething more valuable that he had in view. I queſtion not but every reader will draw a moral from this ſtory, and apply it to himſelf without my direction.

The old ſtory of *Pandora's* box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) ſhews us how deplorable a ſtate they thought the preſent life, without *Hope*. To ſet forth the utmoſt condition of miſery they tell us, that our forefather, according to the *Pagan* theology, had a great veſſel preſented to him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting up the lid of it, ſays the fable, there flew out all the calamities and diſtempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been incloſed in the cup with ſo much bad company, inſtead of flying off with the reſt, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the lid of it, that it was ſhut down upon her.

I ſhall make but two reflexions upon what I have hitherto ſaid. Firſt, that no kind of life is ſo happy

as

as that which is full of *Hope*, eſpecially when the *Hope* is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the perſon happy who enjoys it. This propoſition muſt be very evident to thoſe who conſider how few are the preſent enjoyments of the moſt happy man, and how inſufficient to give him an entire ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in them.

My next obſervation is this, that a religious life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded *Hope*, and ſuch an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This *Hope* in a religious man, is much more ſure and certain than the *Hope* of any temporal bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by reaſon, but by faith. It has at the ſame time its eye perpetually fixed on that ſtate, which implies in the very notion of it the moſt full and the moſt complete happineſs.

I have before ſhewn how the influence of *Hope* in general ſweetens life, and makes our preſent condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a religious *Hope* has ſtill greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her ſufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of her *Hope*.

Religious *Hope* has likewiſe this advantage above any other kind of *Hope*, that it is able to revive the *dying* man, and to fill his mind not only with ſecret comfort and refreſhment, but ſometimes with rapture and tranſport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilſt

whilſt the ſoul ſprings forward with delight to the great object which ſhe has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful reſurrection.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with thoſe emblematical expreſſions of a lively *Hope*, which the pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe dangers and adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following paſſage had its preſent and perſonal, as well as its future and prophetic ſenſe. *I have ſet the Lord always before me: Becauſe He is at my right hand I ſhall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in* Hope. *For Thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell, neither wilt Thou ſuffer thy holy one to ſee corruption. Thou wilt ſhew me the path of life: in thy preſence there is fulneſs of joy, at thy right hand there are pleaſures for evermore.* C

No. 535. Thurſday, November 13.

Spem longam reſeces---- Hor. Od. 11. l. 1. v. 7.

Cut ſhort vain hope.

MY *four hundred and ſeventy firſt ſpeculation turned upon the ſubject of *Hope* in general. I deſign this paper as a ſpeculation upon that vain and fooliſh *Hope*, which is miſemployed on temporal objects, and produces many ſorrows and calamities in human life. It

* viz. The laſt Speculation.

It is a precept ſeveral times inculcated by *Horace* that we ſhould not entertain an *Hope* of any thing in life which lies at a great diſtance from us. The ſhortneſs and uncertainty of our time here, makes ſuch a kind of *Hope* unreaſonable and abſurd. The grave lies unſeen between us and the object which we reach after: Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thouſands are cut off in the purſuit of it.

It happens likewiſe unluckily, that one *Hope* no ſooner dies in us, but another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt to fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfi d if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point b t we extend our *H pes* to another. We ſtill find new inviting ſcenes and landſkips lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our view.

The natural co ſequences of ſuch reflections are theſe; that we ſhould take care not to let our *Hopes* run out into too great a length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the objects of our *Hope*, whether they be ſuch as we may reaſonably expect from them what they propoſe in their fruition, and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our life extend itſelf ſo far. If we *hope* for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by death in our progreſs towards them. If we *hope* for things of which we have not

thoroughly

thoroughly conſidered the value, our diſappointment will be greater than our pleaſure in the fruition of them. If we *hope* for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and ſhadow than it really is.

Many of the miſeries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of conſideration, in one or all of theſe particulars. They are the rocks on which the ſanguine tribe of lovers daily ſplit, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymiſt and projector are caſt away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for ſomething that glitters in the ſight at a diſtance; to neglect ſolid and ſubſtantial happineſs, for that which is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and to contemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. *Hope* calculates its ſchemes for a long and durable life; preſſes forward to imaginary points of bliſs; and graſps at impoſſibilities; and conſequently very often inſnares men into beggary, ruin, and diſhonour.

What I have here ſaid, may ſerve as a moral to an *Arabian* fable, which I find tranſlated into *French* by Monſieur *Galland*. The fable has in it ſuch a wild, but natural ſimplicity, that I queſtion not but my reader will be as much pleaſed with it as I have been, and that he will conſider himſelf, if he reflects on the ſeveral amuſements of *Hope* which have ſometimes paſſed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Perſian* glaſs-man.

Alnaſchar, ſays the fable, was a very idle fellow, that would never ſet his hand to any buſineſs during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in *Perſian* money. *Alnaſchar* in order to make the beſt of it, laid it out in glaſſes, bottles, and the fineſt earthen-ware. Theſe he piled up in a large open baſket, and having made choice of a very little ſhop, placed the baſket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of cuſtomers. As he ſat in this poſture with his eyes upon the baſket, he fell into a muſing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himſelf in the following manner: *This baſket* ſays he, *coſt me at the wholeſale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I ſhall quickly make two hundred of it, by ſelling it in retail. Theſe two hundred drachmas will in a very little while riſe to four hundred, which of courſe in time will amount to four thouſand. Four thouſand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thouſand. As ſoon as by this means I am maſter of ten thouſand, I will lay aſide my trade of a glaſs-man, and turn jeweller. I ſhall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all ſorts of rich ſtones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well deſire, I will make a purchaſe of the fineſt houſe I can find, with lands, ſlaves, eunuchs and horſes. I ſhall then begin to enjoy myſelf, and make a noiſe in the world. I will not, however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue my traffick, till I have got together*

gether an hundred thouſand drachmas. When I have thus made myſelf maſter of an hundred thouſand drachmas, I ſhall naturally ſet myſelf on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand viſier's daughter in marriage, after having repreſented to that miniſter the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, diſcretion, and other high qualities which his daughter poſſeſſes. I will let him know at the ſame time, that it is my intention to make him a preſent of a thouſand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As ſoon as I have married the grand viſier's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngeſt and beſt that can be got for money. I muſt afterwards make my father-in-law a viſit with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed at his right-hand, which he will do of courſe, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thouſand pieces of gold which I promiſed him, and afterwards to his great ſurpriſe, will preſent him another purſe of the ſame value, with ſome ſhort ſpeech: as Sir, you ſee I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promiſe.

When I have brought the princeſs to my houſe, I ſhall take particular care to breed her in a due reſpect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I ſhall confine her to her own apartment, make her a ſhort viſit, and talk but little to her. Her woman will repreſent to me, that ſhe is inconſolable by reaſon of my unkindneſs, and beg me with tears to careſs her, and let her ſit down by me: but I ſhall ſtill remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the firſt night. Her

mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am ſeated upon my ſofa. The daughter with tears in her eyes, will fling herſelf at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my perſon, draw up my legs and ſpurn her from me with my foot, in ſuch a manner that ſhe ſhall fall down ſeveral paces from the ſofa.

Alnaſchar was entirely ſwollowed up in this chimerical viſion, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: So that unluckily ſtriking his baſket of brittle-ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glaſſes to a great diſtance from him into the ſtreet, and broke them into ten thouſand pieces. O

No. 399. Saturday, June 7.

Ut nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere!--Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 23

None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind. DRYDEN.

HYPOCRISY at the faſhionable end of the town, is very different from *Hypocriſy* in the city. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours,

amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter aſſumes a face of ſanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a ſeeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of *Hypocriſy*, which differs from both theſe, and which I intend to make the ſubject of this paper: I mean that *Hypocriſy*, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often impoſe on himſelf: That *Hypocriſy* which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or miſtake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal *Hypocriſy* and ſelf-deceit, which is taken notice of in thoſe words, *Who can underſtand his errors? cleanſe thou me from ſecret faults.*

If the open profeſſors of impiety deſerve the utmoſt application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may thoſe lay a claim to their care and compaſſion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themſelves engaged in a courſe of virtue! I ſhall endeavour, therefore, to lay down ſome rules for the diſcovery of thoſe vices that lurk in the ſecret corners of the ſoul, and to ſhew my reader thoſe methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himſelf. The uſual means preſcribed for this purpoſe, are to examine ourſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that Perſon who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding example, as well as the great guide

and inſtructor of thoſe who receive his doctrines. Though theſe two heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following methods to the conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret faults, and make a true eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt place, let them conſider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it caſts upon us we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved, without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors.

In

In order likewiſe to come at a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider on the other hand how far we may deſerve the praiſe and approbation which the world beſtow upon us: whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinions of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs that are of a doubtful nature: And ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection in points, where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry and perſecution from any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons eminent for piety ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could

could follow it in its height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe and the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with obſerving that the two kinds of *Hypocriſy* I have here ſpoke of, namely that of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing on ourſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty ninth pſalm. The folly of the firſt kind of *Hypocriſy* is there ſet forth by reflections on God's

God's omniſcience and omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble ſtrains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either ſacred or profane. The other kind of *Hypocriſy*, whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt verſes, where the pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great *Searcher of hearts* in that emphatical petition; *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.* L.

No. 316. Monday, March 3.

Libertas; quæ ſera tamen reſpexit inertem.

Virg. Ecl. 1. v. 28.

Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come.

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a letter which is ſent with the more pleaſure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reaſon to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the moſt irretrievable loſs, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the moſt juſtifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long ſtate of indolence and inactivity, and the deſire of reſiſting the farther encroachment of *Idleneſs*, make me apply to you; and the

'uneaſineſs

'uneaſineſs with which I recollect the paſt years, 'and the apprehenſions with which I expect the 'future, ſoon determined me to it.

'*Idleneſs* is ſo general a diſtemper, that I cannot 'but imagine a ſpeculation on this ſubject will be of 'univerſal uſe. There is hardly any one perſon with-'out ſome allay of it; and thouſands beſide myſelf 'ſpend more time in an *idle* uncertainty which to be-'gin firſt of two affairs, than would have been ſuffi-'cient to have ended them both. The occaſion of this 'ſeems to be the want of ſome neceſſary employ-'ment, to put the ſpirits in motion, and awaken 'them out of lethargy; If I had leſs leiſure, I ſhould 'have more; for then I ſhould find my time diſtin-'guiſhed into portions, ſome for buſineſs, and others 'for the indulging of pleaſures: But now one face of 'indolence overſpreads the whole, and I have no 'land-mark to direct myſelf by. Were one's time a 'little ſtraitned by buſineſs, like water incloſed in 'its banks, it would have ſome determined courſe; 'but unleſs it be put into ſome channel it has no cur-'rent, but becomes a deluge without either uſe or 'motion.

'Indolence is a ſtream which flows ſlowly on, but 'yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A 'vice of a more lively nature were a more deſirable 'tyrant than this ruſt of the mind, which gives a 'tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. 'It were as little hazard to be toſt in a ſtorm, as to 'lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no pur-

'poſe

'poſe to have within one the ſeeds of a thouſand good 'qualities, if we want the vigour and reſolution ne-'ceſſary for the exerting them. Death brings all 'perſons back to an equality; and this image of it, 'this ſlumber of the mind, leaves no difference be-'tween the greateſt genius and the meaneſt under-'ſtanding: A faculty of doing things remarkably 'praiſe-worthy thus concealed, is of no more uſe to 'the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who 'dares not uſe it.

'To-morrow is ſtill the fatal time when all is to 'be rectified: To-morrow comes, it goes, and ſtill 'I pleaſe myſelf with the ſhadow, whilſt I loſe the 'reality; unmindful that the preſent time alone is 'ours, the future is yet unborn, and the paſt is dead, 'and can only live (as parents in their children) in 'the actions it has produced.

'The time we live ought not to be computed by 'the number of years, but by the uſe that has been 'made of it; thus 'tis not the extent of ground, but 'the yearly rent which gives the value to the eſtate. 'Wretched and thoughtleſs creatures, in the only 'place where covetouſneſs were a virtue we turn 'prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with ſuch 'uneaſineſs, nor have there been ſo many devices for 'any one thing, as to make it ſlide away imperceptibly and to no purpoſe. A ſhilling ſhall be hoarded 'up with care, whilſt that which is above the price 'of an eſtate, is flung away with diſregard and con-'tempt. There is nothing now-a-days ſo much

'avoided,

'avoided, as a ſolicitous improvement of every part
'of time; it is a report muſt be ſhunned as one ten-
'ders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one
'fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder:
'But notwithſtanding this, the greateſt wits any age
'has produced thought far otherwiſe; for who can
'think either *Socrates* or *Demoſthenes* loſt any reputa-
'tion, by their continual pains both in overcoming
'the defects and improving the gifts of nature. All
'are acquainted with the labour and aſſiduity with
'which *Tully* acquired his eloquence. *Seneca* in his
'letters to *Lucilius* aſſures him, there was not a day
'in which he did not either write ſomething, or read
'and epitomize ſome good author; and I remember
'*Pliny* in one of his letters, where he gives an ac-
'count of the various methods he uſed to fill up
'every vacancy of time, after ſeveral employments
'which he enumerates; ſometimes, ſays he, I hunt;
'but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that
'whilſt my ſervants are buſied in diſpoſing of the
'nets and other matters, I may be employed in
'ſomething that may be uſeful to me in my ſtudies;
'and that if I miſs of my game, I may at the leaſt
'bring home ſome of my own thoughts with me,
'and not have the mortification of having caught
'nothing all day.

'Thus, Sir, you ſee how many examples I recall
'to mind, and what arguments I uſe with myſelf, to
'regain my liberty: But as I am afraid it is no ordi-
'nary perſuaſion that will be of ſervice, I ſhall ex-

'pect

'pect your thoughts on this ſubject, with the great-
'eſt impatience, eſpecially ſince the good will not
'be confined to me alone, but will be of univerſal
'uſe. For there is no hope of amendment where
'men are pleaſed with their ruin, and whilſt they
'think lazineſs is a deſirable character: Whether it
'be that they like that ſtate itſelf, or that they think
'it gives them a new luſtre when they do exert them-
'ſelves, ſeemingly to be able to do that without la-
'bour and application, which others attain to but
'with the greateſt diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

Samuel Slack.

Saturday,

No. 495. Saturday, September 27.

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.
Hor. Od. 4. l. 4. v. 57.

-----Like an oak on ſome cold mountain's brow,
At ev'ry wound they ſprout and grow:
The ax and ſword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive. Anon.

AS I am one, who, by my profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with ſpeculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correſpondence: They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they

are

are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views: Firſt, with regard to their number; ſecondly, their diſperſion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion: And afterwards endeavour to ſhew, firſt, what natural reaſons, and, ſecondly, what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* Emperors, which hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to expoſe the great havock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

Their diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*; and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of *China*: They are ſpread through moſt of the nations of *Europe* and *Africk*, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies*: not to mention whole nations bordering

dering on *Preſter-John's* country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent apoſtaſies of this people, when they lived under their kings, in the land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons for theſe three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their conſtant employment, their abſtinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accurſed ſtate, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the *Meſſiah* may deſcend from them.

The diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the nations of the earth, is the ſecond remarkable particular of that people, though not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reaſon they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed out of moſt other places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe

and

and ſcatter a people, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole people is now a race of ſuch merchants as are wanderers by profeſſion, and, at the ſame time, are in moſt, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This diſperſion would probably have loſt their religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution: For they are to live all in a body, and generally within the ſame incloſure; to marry among themſelves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all table-converſation, and the moſt ageeable intercourſes of life; and, by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable means of converſation.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adherence to their religion, have furniſhed every age, and every nation in the world, with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the Chriſtian faith, not only as theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of thoſe and all the other propheſies, which tend to their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes that atteſt the truth of the old Bible. Their diſperſion ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the world. Their adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqeſtionable. Had the whole body

of the *Jews* been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the propheſies of the Old Teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the propheſies of the *Sibyls*, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell. O

No. 111. Saturday, July 7.

-----Inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 45.

To ſearch for truth in academic groves.

THE courſe of my * laſt ſpeculation led me inſenſibly into a ſubject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the *Immortality* of the ſoul. I was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſhed this great point, which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs, drawn;

Firſt, From the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which, tho' not abſolutely neceſſary

* viz. No. 110, on Apparitions, not admitted into this Selection.

neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evidenced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, From its paſſions and ſentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of *Immortality*, with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, wiſdom, and veracity are all concerned in this point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the *Immortality* of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, tho' it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: In a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall

away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the beginning of her inquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

----------Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

----Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can He

delight

delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would He give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſe for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be traſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creatures for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to Him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt

tempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: Nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it: And can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection but of happineſs! L

Wedneſday,

No. 210. Wedneſday, October, 31.

Neſcio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quaſi ſeculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altiſſimiſque animis & exiſtit maximè & apparet facillimè. Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

There is, I know not how, in the midſt of men a certain preſage, as it were, of a future exiſtence; and this takes the deepeſt root, and is moſt diſcoverable in the greateſt geniuss and moſt exalted ſouls.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I Am fully perſuaded that one of the beſt ſprings of generous and worthy actions, is the having generous and worthy thoughts of ourſelves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himſelf in his own eſtimation. If he conſiders his being as circumſcribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his deſigns will be contracted into the ſame narrow ſpan he imagines is to bound his exiſtence. How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a ſhort turn on the ſtage of this world, he is to ſink into oblivion, and to loſe his conſciouſneſs for ever?

For

'For this reaſon I am of opinion, that ſo uſeful and 'elevated a contemplation as that of the ſoul's *Im-* '*mortality* cannot be reſumed too often. There is 'not a more improving exerciſe to the human mind, 'than to be frequently reviewing its own great pri- 'vileges and endowments; nor a more effectual 'means to awaken in us an ambition raiſed above 'low objects and little purſuits, than to value our- 'ſelves as heirs of eternity.

'It is a very great ſatisfaction to conſider the beſt 'and wiſeſt of mankind in all nations and ages, aſſert- 'ing, as with one voice, this their birth-right, and 'to find it ratified by an expreſs revelation. At the 'ſame time if we turn our thoughts inward upon our- 'ſelves, we may meet with a kind of ſecret ſenſe 'concurring with the proofs of our own *Immortality*.

'You have, in my opinion, raiſed a good pre- 'ſumptive argument from the increaſing appetite 'the mind has to knowledge, and to the extending 'its own faculties, which cannot be accompliſhed, 'as the more reſtrained perfection of lower creatures 'may, in the limits of a ſhort life. I think another 'probable conjecture may be raiſed from our appe- 'tite to duration itſelf, and from a reflection on our 'progreſs through the ſeveral ſtages of it: *We are* 'complaining, as you obſerve in a former* ſpeculation, '*of the ſhortneſs of life, and yet are perpetually hurry-* 'ing over the parts of it, to arrive at certain little 'ſettlements, or imaginary points of reſt, which are 'diſperſed up and down in it.

'Now

* viz. Life, No. 93.

'Now let us conſider what happens to us when 'we arrive at theſe *imaginary points of reſt*: Do we 'ſtop our motion, and ſit down ſatisfied in the ſettle-'ment we have gained? or are we not removing 'the boundary, and marking out new points of reſt, 'to which we preſs forward with the like eagerneſs, 'and which ceaſe to be ſuch as faſt as we attain them? 'Our caſe is like that of a traveller upon the *Alps*, 'who ſhould fancy that the top of the next hill muſt 'end his journey, becauſe it terminates his proſpect; 'but he no ſooner arrives at it, than he ſees new 'ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to 'travel on as before.

'This is ſo plainly every man's condition in life, 'that there is no one who has obſerved any thing, 'but may obſerve, that as faſt as his time wears 'away, his appetite to ſomething future remains. 'The uſe therefore I would make of it is this, that 'ſince nature (as ſome love to expreſs it) does no-'thing in vain, or, to ſpeak properly, ſince the Au-'thor of our being has planted no wandering paſſion 'in it, no deſire which has not its object, futuri-'ty is the proper object of the paſſion ſo conſtantly 'exerciſed about it; and this reſtleſneſs in the pre-'ſent, this aſſigning ourſelves over to farther ſtages 'of duration, this ſucceſſive graſping at ſome-'what ſtill to come, appears to me (whatever it may 'to others) as a kind of inſtinct or natural ſymp-'tom which the mind of man has of its own *Immor-'tality*.

'I take it at the ſame time for granted, that the 'Immortality of the ſoul is ſufficiently eſtabliſhed 'by other arguments: And if ſo, this appetite, 'which otherwiſe would be very unaccountable and 'abſurd, ſeems very reaſonable, and adds ſtrength 'to the concluſion. But I am amazed when I con-'ſider there are creatures capable of thought, who, 'in ſpite of every argument, can form to themſelves 'a ſullen ſatisfaction in thinking otherwiſe. There 'is ſomething ſo pitifully mean in the inverted am-'bition of that man who can hope for annihilation, 'and pleaſe himſelf to think that his whole fabrick 'ſhall one day crumble into duſt, and mix with the 'maſs of inanimate beings, that it equally deſerves 'our admiration and pity. The myſtery of ſuch 'mens unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and in-'deed amounts to nothing more than a ſordid hope 'that they ſhall not be *immortal*, becauſe they dare 'not be ſo.

'This brings me back to my firſt obſervation, and 'gives me occaſion to ſay further, that as worthy 'actions ſpring from worthy thoughts, ſo worthy 'thoughts are likewiſe the conſequence of worthy 'actions: But the wretch who has degraded him-'ſelf below the character of *Immortality*, is very 'willing to reſign his pretenſions to it, and to ſubſti-'tute in its room a dark negative happineſs in the 'extinction of his being.

'The admirable *Shakeſpear* has given us a ſtrong 'image of the unſupported condition of ſuch a per-

ſon

'ſon in his laſt minutes in the ſecond part of King
'*Henry* the ſixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who
'had been concerned in the murder of the good
'Duke *Humphrey*, is repreſented on his death-bed.
'After ſome ſhort confuſed ſpeeches which ſhew an
'imagination diſturbed with guilt, juſt as he was
'expiring, King *Henry* ſtanding by him full of com-
'paſſion, ſays,

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'ſt on Heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of that hope!
He dies, and makes no ſign! -----

'The deſpair which is here ſhewn, without a
'word or action on the part of the dying perſon, is
'beyond what could be painted by the moſt forcible
'expreſſions whatever.

'I ſhall not purſue this thought farther, but only
'add, that as annihilation is not to be had with a
'wiſh, ſo it is the moſt abject thing in the world to
'wiſh it. What are honour, fame, wealth, or pow-
'er, when compared with the generous expectation
'of a being without end, and a happineſs adequate
'to that being?

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Z T. D.

No. 162. Wedneſday, September 5.

——————Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incæpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet,
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 126.

Preſerve conſiſtency throughout the whole.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear ſo contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as *Inconſtancy*, eſpecially when it regards religion or party. In either of theſe caſes, tho' a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his ſide, he not only makes himſelf hated by thoſe he left, but is ſeldom heartily eſteemed by thoſe he comes over to.

In theſe great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very ſtrong, and if poſſible ſo well timed, that worldly advantages may ſeem to have no ſhare in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change ſides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper, or proſpects of intereſt. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds ſhould take particular care to let the world ſee they act upon honourable motives: or whatever approbations they may receive from themſelves, and applauſes from thoſe they converſe with, they may be very well aſſured that they are the ſcorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and deriſion.

Irreſolution

Irreſolution on the ſchemes of life which offer themſelves to our choice, and *Inconſtancy* in purſuing them, are the greateſt and moſt univerſal cauſes of all our diſquiet and unhappineſs. When ambition pulls one way, intereſt another, inclination a third, and perhaps reaſon contrary to all, a man is likely to paſs his time but ill who has ſo many different parties to pleaſe. When the mind hovers among ſuch a variety of allurements, one had better ſettle on a way of life that is not the very beſt we might have choſen, than grow old without determining our choice and go out of the world as the greateſt part of mankind do, before we have reſolved how to live in it. There is but one method of ſetting ourſelves at reſt in this particular, and that is by adhering ſtedfaſtly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our purſuits. If we are firmly reſolved to live up to the dictates of reaſon, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal deſign, we may go through life with ſteadineſs and pleaſure; but if we act by ſeveral broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world, we ſhall live and die in miſery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's ſelf againſt this particular imperfection, becauſe it is that which our nature very ſtrongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourſelves thoroughly, we ſhall find that we are the moſt changeable beings

in

in the univerſe. In reſpect of our underſtanding, we often embrace and reject the very ſame opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have no opinions at all, or at leaſt no wavering and uncertainties in thoſe they have. Our ſuperiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by inſtinct. In reſpect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and paſs our whole life in offending and aſking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of ſinning, nor thoſe above us of repenting. The one is out of the poſſibility of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal courſe of ſin, or an eternal courſe of virtue.

There is ſcarce a ſtation of life, or ſtage in it which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our ſchemes of thought in infancy are loſt in thoſe of youth; theſe too take a different turn in manhood, till old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected ſucceſs throws us out of ourſelves, and in a manner deſtroys our indentity. A cloudy day, or a little ſunſhine, have as great an influence on many conſtitutions, as the moſt real bleſſings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it laſts; and every paſſion, not to mention health and ſickneſs, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almoſt different creatures. If a man is ſo diſtinguiſhed among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of ſuch

as

as make themſelves remarkable for it even among their own ſpecies? It is a very trifling character to be one of the moſt variable beings of the moſt variable kind, eſpecially if we conſider that He who is the great ſtandard of perfection has in Him *no ſhadow of change, but is the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever.*

As this mutability of temper and inconſiſtency with ourſelves is the greateſt weakneſs of human nature, ſo it makes the perſon who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatſoever, as it ſets him in a greater variety of fooliſh lights, and diſtinguiſhes him from himſelf by an oppoſition of party-coloured characters. The moſt humorous character in *Horace* is founded upon this unevenneſs of temper and irregularity of conduct.

----------Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Iö Bacche, modo ſummâ
Voce, modò hâc, reſonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: Perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret: Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: Modò ſit mihi menſa tripes, &
Concha ſalis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat. Decies centena dediſſes

Huic

Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis: Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Manè: Diem totum ſtertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi ---------- Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

Inſtead of tranſlating this paſſage in *Horace*, I ſhall entertain my *Engliſh Reader* with the deſcription of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finiſhed by Mr. *Dryden*, and raiſed upon the ſame foundation.

In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri *ſtand:*
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chymiſt, fidler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking:
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who cou'd ev'ry hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!

C

Saturday,

No. 93. Saturday, June 16:

---------- *Spatio brevi*
Spem longam reſeces : dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas : carpe diem, quàm minimum credula poſtero.
Hor. Od. 11. l. 1. v. 6.

---- Be wiſe, cut off long cares
From thy contracted ſpan.

E'vn whilſt we ſpeak, the envious time
Doth make ſwift haſte away;
Then ſeize the preſent, uſe the prime,
Nor truſt another day. CREECH.

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our *lives*, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs

of

of *Life* in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of *Life* is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his *Life*, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our *lives* that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the *Life* of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the *Life* of thoſe men who are in a

perpetual

perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of *Life*. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow.

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of *Life*. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our *lives*. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced: which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation: I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf

himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: It is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive: He no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to

fill

fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that *Life* is ſhort?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of *Life* that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of *Life*.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder. There

There are many other uſeful amuſements of *Life*, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occaſions have recourſe to ſomething rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte in muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floriſt, the planter, the gardener, the huſbandman, when they are only as acompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country *Life*, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

But of all the diverſions of *Life*, there is none ſo proper to fill up its empty ſpaces as the reading of uſeful and entertaining authors. But this I ſhall only touch upon, becauſe it in ſome meaſure interferes with the third method, which I ſhall propoſe in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I ſhall only mention in general to be the purſuit of knowledge. L

No. 94. Monday, June 18.

----------Hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui.
Mart. Epig. 23. l. 10.

The preſent joys of life we doubly taſte,
By looking back with pleaſure on the paſt.

THE laſt method which I propoſed in my *Saturday's* paper, for filling up thoſe empty ſpaces of *Life* which are ſo tedious and burdenſome to idle people, is the employing ourſelves in the purſuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*, ſpeaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may conſume his whole *Life* in the ſtudy of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a ſingle ſcience, or any branch of it, that might not furniſh a man with buſineſs for *Life*, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten ſubjects of the uſefulneſs of knowledge, nor of the pleaſure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been the topics of many other writers; but ſhall indulge myſelf in a ſpeculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have

I have before ſhewn how the unemployed parts of *Life* appear long and tedious, and ſhall here endeavour to ſhew how thoſe parts of *Life* which are exerciſed in ſtudy, reading, and the purſuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means diſcover a method of lengthening our *lives*, and at the ſame time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. *Locke* obſerves, "That we get the idea of "time, or duration, by reflecting on the train of "ideas which ſucceed one another in our minds: "That for this reaſon when we ſleep ſoundly without dreaming, we have no preception of time, or "the length of it, whilſt we ſleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, ſeems to have no "diſtance." To which the author adds, "And ſo I "doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were "poſſible for him to keep only one idea in his mind, "without variation, and the ſucceſſion of others; "and we ſee, that one who fixes his thoughts very "intently on one thing, ſo as to take but little notice of the ſucceſſion of ideas that paſs in his mind "whilſt he is taken up with the earneſt contemplation, lets ſlip out of his account a good part of that "duration, and thinks that time ſhorter than it is."

We might carry this thought further, and conſider a man as, on one ſide, ſhortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; ſo, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many

ſubjects,

ſubjects, or by entertaining a quick and conſtant ſucceſſion of ideas. Accordingly Monſieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Inquiry after Truth*, (which was publiſhed ſeveral years before Mr. *Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*) tells us, that it is poſſible ſome creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thouſand years; or look upon that ſpace of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monſieur *Mallebranche* is capable of ſome little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Locke*; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the ſucceſſion of ideas in our mind, and this ſucceſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the ſame parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or leſs degree of rapidity.

There is a famous paſſage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been poſſeſſed of the notion we are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, that the angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his bed one morning to give him a ſight of all things in the ſeven heavens, in paradiſe, and in hell, which the prophet took a diſtinct view of; and after having held ninety thouſand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, ſays the *Alcoran*, was tranſacted in ſo ſmall a ſpace of time, that *Mahomet* at his return found his bed ſtill warm, and took up an earthen

pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very inſtant that the angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the water was all ſpilt.

There is a very pretty ſtory in the *Turkiſh* tales which relates to this paſſage of that famous impoſtor, and bears ſome affinity to the ſubject we are now upon. A ſultan of *Egypt*, who was an infidel, uſed to laugh at this circumſtance in *Mahomet's Life*, as what was altogether impoſſible and abſurd: But converſing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this paſſage in the hiſtory of *Mahomet*, if he would conſent to do what he ſhould deſire of him. Upon this the ſultan was directed to place himſelf by an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he ſtood by the tub amidſt a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again: The king accordingly thruſt his head into the water, and at the ſame time found himſelf at the foot of a mountain on a ſea-ſhore. The king immediately began to rage againſt his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he ſet himſelf to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this ſtrange country: Accordingly he applied himſelf to ſome people whom he ſaw at work in a neighbouring wood: theſe people conducted him to a town that ſtood at a little diſtance from the wood, where, after ſome adventures, he married a woman

of

of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman ſo long till he had by her ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the ſtreets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the ſea-ſide, being ſeized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his preſent ſtate of life, which had raiſed a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a deſign to waſh himſelf, according to the cuſtom of the *Mahometans*, before he ſaid his prayers.

After his firſt plunge into the ſea, he no ſooner raiſed his head above the water but he found himſelf ſtanding by the ſide of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his ſide. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having ſent him on ſuch a courſe of adventures, and betrayed him into ſo long a ſtate of miſery and ſervitude; but was wonderfully ſurpriſed when he heard that the ſtate he talked of was only a dream and deluſion; that he had not ſtirred from the place where he then ſtood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* doctor took this occaſion of inſtructing the ſultan, that nothing was impoſſible with God; and that He *with whom a thouſand years are but as one day*, can, if He pleaſes, make a ſingle day, nay a ſingle moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thouſand years.

I ſhall leave my reader to compare theſe eaſtern

ſables with the notions of thoſe two great philoſophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and ſhall only, by way of application, deſire him to conſider how we may extend *Life* beyond its natural dimenſions, by applying ourſelves diligently to the purſuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wiſe man are lengthened by his ideas, as thoſe of a fool are by his paſſions: The time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every moment of it with uſeful or amuſing thoughts; or in other words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of paſt *Life*, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly? The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the proſpect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing profitable nor ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious landſkip divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can ſcarce caſt his eye on a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower. L

No. 159. Saturday, September 1.

--------Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales habetat viſus tibi, & humida circùm
Caligat, nubem eripiam----- Virg. Æn. 2. v. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal ſight,
I will remove-------

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I picked up ſeveral oriental manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Viſions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleaſure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt viſion, which I have tranſlated word for word as follows.

'ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the cuſtom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of *Bagdat*, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human *Life*; and paſſing from one thought to another, ſurely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and *Life* a dream.

'Whilſt

'Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards 'the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, 'when I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, 'with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I 'looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and be-'gan to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding 'ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that 'were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether dif-'ferent from any thing I had ever heard: They put 'me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played 'to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt 'arrival in paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of 'the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures 'of that happy place. My heart melted away in 'ſecret raptures.

'I had been often told that the rocks before me 'was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had 'been entertained with muſic who had paſſed by it, 'but never heard that the muſician had before made 'himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts 'by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte 'the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon 'him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and 'by the waving of his hand directed me to approach 'the place where he ſat. I drew near with that rev-'erence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as 'my heart was intirely ſubdued by the captivating 'ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. 'The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of com-'paſſion and affability that familiarized him to my

'imagination,

'imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears
'and apprehenſions with which I approached him.
'He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by
'the hand, *Mirzah*, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy
'ſoliloquies; follow me.

'He then led me to the higheſt pinacle of the rock,
'and placing me on the top of it, caſt thy eyes eaſt-
'ward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee,
'ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water
'rolling thro' it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he,
'is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that
'thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity.
'What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes
'out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf
'in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid
'he, is that portion of eternity which is called time,
'meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the be-
'ginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine
'now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs
'at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in
'it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of
'the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human
'*Life*, conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely
'ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore
'and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches,
'which added to thoſe that were entire, made up the
'number about an hundred. As I was counting the
'arches, the genius told me that this bridge con-
'ſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great
'flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in

'the

'the ruinous condition I now behold it: But tell me 'further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee 'multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a 'black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked 'more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers 'dropping thro' the bridge, into the great tide that 'flowed underneath it; and upon farther examina-'tion, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors 'that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſen-'gers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them 'into the tide and immediately diſappeared. Theſe 'hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance 'of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner 'broke through the cloud, but many of them fell 'into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, 'but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the 'end of the arches that were intire.

'There were indeed ſome perſons, but their num-'ber was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hob-'bling march on the broken arches, but fell through 'one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with 'ſo long a walk.

'I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this 'wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of ob-'jects which it preſented. My heart was filled with 'a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping un-'expectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and 'catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave 'themſelves. Some were looking up towards the 'heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt

'of

'of a ſpeculation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. 'Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles 'that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; 'but often when they thought themſelves within the 'reach of them their footing failed and down they 'ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome 'with ſcimeters in their hands, and others with 'urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, 'thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did 'not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might 'have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon 'them.

'The genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf with this 'melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long 'enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, 'ſays he, and tell me if thou yet ſeeſt any thing thou 'doſt not comprehend. Upon looking up, What 'mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of birds that are 'perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling 'upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, 'ravens, cormorants, and among many other fea-'thered creatures ſeveral little winged boys, that 'perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. 'Theſe, ſaid the genius, are envy, avarice, ſuper-'ſtition, deſpair, love, with the like cares and 'paſſions that infeſt human *Life*.

'I here fetched a deep ſigh, Alas, ſaid I, man was 'made in vain! How is he given away to miſery and 'mortality! tortured in *Life*, and ſwallowed up in 'death! The genius being moved with compaſſion

'towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſ-
'pect. Look no more, ſaid he, on man in the firſt
'ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity;
'but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which
'the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals
'that fall into it. I directed my ſight as I was or-
'dered, and (whether or no the good genius ſtrength-
'ened it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated
'part of the miſt that was before too thick for the
'eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the
'farther end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe
'ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running
'through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two
'parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it,
'inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: But
'the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with
'innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits
'and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little
'ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee per-
'ſons dreſſed in glorious habits with garlands upon
'their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down
'by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of
'flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of
'ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and
'muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon
'the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed
'for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away
'to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there
'was no paſſage to them, except through the gates
'of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon

'the

'the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh
'and green before thee, and with which the whole
'face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou
'canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſands on
'the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind
'thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further
'than thine eye, or even thine imagination can ex-
'tend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men
'after death, who according to the degree and kinds
'of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed
'among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with
'pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable
'to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are
'ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accom-
'modated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe,
'O *Mirzah*, habitations worth contending for? Does
'*Life* appear miſerable, that gives thee opportuni-
'ties of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be fear-
'ed, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence?
'Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch
'an eternity made for him. I gazed with inexpreſ-
'ſible pleaſure on thoſe happy iſlands. At length,
'ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets
'that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds which cover
'the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant.
'The genius making me no anſwer, I turned about
'to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found
'that he had left me: I then turned again to the
'viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating;
'but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge,

' and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long
' hollow valley of *Bagdat*, with oxen, ſheep, and
' camels grazing upon the ſide of it.

The end of the firſt viſion of Mirzah. C

No. 191. Tueſday, October 9.

------Ξλον ὄνειρον. Hom. Il. 2. v. 6.

-----*Deluding viſion of the night.* POPE.

SOME ludicrous ſchoolmen have put the caſe, that if an aſs were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his ſenſes equally on each ſide, and tempted him in the very ſame degree, whether it would be poſſible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this queſtion to the diſadvantage of the aſs, who they ſay would ſtarve in the midſt of plenty, as not having a ſingle grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either ſide ſtriking the ſight and ſmell in the ſame proportion, would keep him in a perpetual ſuſpence, like the two magnets which, travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of *Mahomet's* burying place at *Mecca*, and by that means, ſay they, pull the impoſtor's iron coffin with ſuch an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the aſs's behaviour in ſuch nice circumſtances,

ces, whether he would ſtarve ſooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I ſhall not preſume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own ſpecies in the ſame perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a *Lottery* every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to ſucceed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the ſame pretenſions to good-luck, ſtand upon the ſame foot of competition, and no manner of reaſon can be given why a man ſhould prefer one to the other before the *Lottery* is drawn. In this caſe therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reaſon, and forms to itſelf ſome groundleſs imaginary motive, where real and ſubſtantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleaſed to riſk his good-fortune upon the number 1711, becauſe it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker, that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary I have been told of a certain zealous diſſenter, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the moſt fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 againſt any other number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the number of the beaſt. Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own age in their number; ſome that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame number that ſucceeded in the laſt

Lottery,

Lottery. Each of theſe, upon no other grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called the *golden number*.

Theſe principles of election are the paſtimes and extravagances of human reaſon, which is of ſo buſy a nature, that it will be exerting itſelf in the meaneſt trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wiſeſt of men are ſometimes acted by ſuch unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the ſuperſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I am ſurpriſed that none of the fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diſeurs de bonne Avanture*, who publiſh their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our *Lotteries* to their advantage: Did any of them ſet up for a caſter of figures, what might he not get by his pretended diſcoveries and predictions?

I remember among the advertiſements in the *Poſt-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the following one:

This is to give notice, That ten ſhillings over and above the market-price, will be given for the ticket in 1500000l. Lottery, No. 132, *by* Nath. Cliff, *at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapſide.*

This advertiſement has given great matter of ſpeculation to coffee-houſe theoriſts. Mr. *Cliff's* principles and converſation have been canvaſſed upon this occaſion, and various conjectures made why he ſhould

thus

thus ſet his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in thoſe numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the ſquare and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the ſecret till about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the agent, and not the principal in this advertiſement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am the perſon that lately advertiſed I would 'give ten ſhillings more than the current price 'for the ticket No. 132 in the *Lottery* now drawing; 'which is a ſecret I have communicated to ſome 'friends, who rally me inceſſantly upon that account. 'You muſt know I have but one ticket, for which 'reaſon, and a certain dream I have lately had more 'than once, I was reſolved it ſhould be the number 'I moſt approved. I am ſo poſitive I have pitched 'upon the great lot, that I could almoſt lay all I am 'worth of it. My viſions are ſo frequent and ſtrong 'upon this occaſion, that I have not only poſſeſſed 'the lot, but diſpoſed of the money which in all 'probability it will ſell for. This morning, in par-'ticular, I ſet up an equipage which I look upon to 'be the gayeſt in the town; the liveries are very rich, 'but not gaudy. I ſhall be very glad to ſee a ſpe-'culation or two upon *Lottery* ſubjects, in which 'you would oblige all people concerned, and in 'particular *Your moſt humble ſervant*,

George Goſling.

P. S.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 pounds, 'I'll make thee a handſome preſent.

After having wiſhed my correſpondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindneſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the ſubject of the *Lottery*, and only obſerve that the greateſt part of mankind are in ſome degree guilty of my friend *Goſſing's* extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in poſſibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our poſſeſſions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our preſent income, as not doubting to diſburſe ourſelves out of the profits of ſome future place, project, or reverſion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee tradeſmen break, who have met with no misfortune in their buſineſs; and men of eſtates reduced to poverty, who have never ſuffered from loſſes or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occaſions romantic generoſity, chimerical grandeur, ſenſeleſs oſtentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his preſent circumſtances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* proverb runs, *The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.*

It ſhould be an indiſpenſable rule in life, to contract our deſires to our preſent condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs. It will be time enough to enjoy an eſtate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we ſhall loſe the pleaſures of it when it arrives, and may poſſibly never poſſeſs what we have ſo fooliſhly counted upon.

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No. 507. Saturday, October 11.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Juv. Sat. 2. v. 46.

Preſerv'd from ſhame by numbers on our ſide.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* deſcription of the Supreme Being, that *truth is his body, and light his ſhadow.* According to this definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his nature, as error and *falſhood.* The Platoniſts had ſo juſt a notion of the Almighty's averſion to every thing that is *falſe* and erroneous, that they looked upon *truth* as no leſs neceſſary than *virtue*, to qualify a human ſoul for the enjoyment of a ſeparate ſtate. For this reaſon as they recommended moral duties to qualify and ſeaſon the will for a future life, ſo they preſcribed ſeveral contemplations

and

and ſciences to rectify the underſtanding. Thus *Plato* has called mathematical demonſtrations the cathartics or purgatives of the ſoul, as being the moſt proper means to cleanſe it from error, and to give it a reliſh of truth; which is the natural food and nouriſhment of the underſtanding, as virtue is the perfection and happineſs of the will.

There are many authors who have ſhewn wherein the malignity of a *Lye* conſiſts, and ſet forth, in proper colours, the heinouſneſs of the offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean that abominable practice of *Party-Lying*. This vice is ſo predominant among us at preſent, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain ſyſtem of *Lies*. The coffee-houſes are ſupported by them, the preſs is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle-converſation is ſo infected with them, that a *Party-Lye* is grown as faſhionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry ſtory: The truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be ſtruck dumb, were this fountain of diſcourſe dried up. There is however one advantage reſulting from this deteſtable practice; the very appearances of truth are ſo little regarded, that *Lies* are at preſent diſcharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a *party-ſtory* from a ſtranger, we conſider whether he is a whig or a tory, that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of courſe, in which the honeſt

neſt gentleman deſigns to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common ſenſe, that gives credit to the relations of party-writers; nay his own friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious tool, or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the faſhion to huſband a *Lye*, and trump it up in ſome extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to ſee men of probity, who would ſcorn to utter a *falſhood* for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a *Lye* when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are men of honour in their perſons, thus to become notorious *liars* in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the inſufficiency of theſe reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a practice.

In the firſt place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a *Lye*, and conſequently the puniſhment, may be very much diminiſhed, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of thoſe who partake in it. Tho' the weight of a *falſhood* would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is ſhared among *many*. But in this caſe a man very much

much deceives himſelf; guilt, when it ſpreads thro' numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of thoſe who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any ſingle perſon had none ſhared with him in the offence. In a word, the diviſion of guilt is like to that of matter; tho' it may be ſeparated into infinite portions, every portion ſhall have the whole eſſence of matter in it, and conſiſt of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the ſecond place, tho' multitudes, who join in a *Lye*, cannot exempt themſelves from the guilt, they may from the ſhame of it. The ſcandal of a *Lye* is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a drop of the blackeſt tincture wears away and vaniſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable body of water; the blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover itſelf. This is certainly a very great motive to ſeveral party-offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to ſhew the weakneſs of this reaſon, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conſcience, the ſuggeſtions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

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The third and laſt great motive for mens joining in a popular *falſhood*, or, as I have hitherto called it, a *party-lye*, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a cauſe which every party may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The unſoundneſs of this principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowledged that a man muſt be an utter ſtranger to the principles either of natural religion or Chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a man might promote the ſuppoſed good of his country by the blackeſt calumnies and *falſhoods*, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Chriſtian world. When *Pompey* was deſired not to ſet ſail in a tempeſt that would hazard his life, *It is neceſſary for me*, ſays he, *to ſail, but it is not neceſſary for me to live*: Every man ſhould ſay to himſelf, with the ſame ſpirit, *it is my duty to ſpeak truth, tho' it is not my duty to be in an office*. One of the fathers hath carried this point ſo high, as to declare, *He would not tell a lye, tho' he were ſure to gain heaven by it*. However extravagant ſuch a proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a man may ſay very reaſonably, *He would not tell a lye, if he were ſure to gain hell by it*; or if you have a mind to ſoften the expreſſion, that he would not tell a *Lye* to gain any temporal reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain. O

Saturday,

No. 537. Saturday, November 15.

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν. Arat.

For we are his offsprings. Acts xvii. 28.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been usual to remind persons of rank, on great occasions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born; that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean pursuits, and encouraged to laudable undertakings. This is turning nobility into a principle of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as it is understood to have been originally a reward of it.

'It is for the like reason, I imagine, that you have in some of your speculations asserted to your readers the *dignity of human nature*. But you cannot be insensible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who consider *human nature* in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to shew the *falsity of all human virtues*. The reflections which are made on this subject usually take some tincture from the tempers and characters of those that make them. Politicians can resolve the most shining actions among men into artifice and design; others, who are soured by dis-

'content,

'content, repulſes, or ill uſage, are apt to miſtake 'their ſpleen for philoſophy; men of profligate lives, 'and ſuch as find themſelves incapable of riſing to 'any diſtinction among their fellow-creatures, are 'for pulling down all appearances of merit, which 'ſeem to upbraid them: and ſatiriſts deſcribe no-'thing but deformity. From all theſe hands we have 'ſuch draughts of *Mankind* as are repreſented in 'thoſe burleſque pictures, which the *Italians* call '*Caricaturas*; where the art conſiſts in preſerving, 'amidſt diſtorted proportions and aggravated fea-'tures, ſome diſtinguiſhing likeneſſes of the perſon, 'but in ſuch a manner as to transform the moſt 'agreeable beauty into the moſt odious monſter.

'It is very diſingenuous to level the beſt of *Man-'kind* with the worſt, and for the faults of particulars 'to degrade the whole ſpecies. Such methods tend 'not only to remove a *Man's* good opinion of others, 'but to deſtroy that reverence for himſelf, which 'is a great guard of innocence, and a ſpring of 'virtue.

'It is true indeed that there are ſurpriſing mix-'tures of beauty and deformity, of wiſdom and folly, 'virtue and vice, in the *human* make; ſuch a diſpari-'ty is found among numbers of the ſame kind, and 'every individual, in ſome inſtances, or at ſome 'times, is ſo unequal to himſelf, that *Man* ſeems to 'be the moſt wavering and inconſiſtent being in the 'whole creation. So that the queſtion in morality, 'concerning the dignity of our nature, may at firſt

'ſight

'ſight appear like ſome difficult queſtion in natural 'philoſophy, in which the arguments on both ſides 'ſeem to be of equal ſtrength. But as I began with 'conſidering this point as it relates to action, I ſhall 'here borrow an admirable reflection from Monſieur '*Paſchal*, which I think ſets it in its proper light.

'*It is of dangerous conſequence*, ſays he, *to repreſent 'to* Man *how near he is to the level of beaſts, without 'ſhewing him at the ſame time his* greatneſs. *It is 'likewiſe dangerous to let him ſee his* greatneſs, *with-'out his* meanneſs. *It is more dangerous yet to leave him 'ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he ſhould 'be made ſenſible of both.* Whatever imperfections 'we may have in our nature, it is the buſineſs of 'religion and virtue to rectify them, as far as is 'conſiſtent with our preſent ſtate. In the mean time, 'it is no ſmall encouragement to generous minds to 'conſider that we ſhall put them all off with our 'mortality. That ſublime manner of ſalutation 'with which the *Jews* approached their Kings,

'O King, *live for ever!*

'may be addreſſed to the loweſt and moſt deſpiſed 'mortal among us, under all the infirmities and diſ-'treſſes with which we ſee him ſurrounded. And 'whoever believes the *immortality of the ſoul*, will 'not need a better argument for the dignity of his 'nature, nor a ſtronger incitement to actions ſuit-'able to it.

'I am naturally led by this reflection, to a ſub-

'ject

'ject I have already touched upon in a former* letter, 'and cannot without pleaſure call to mind the 'thoughts of *Cicero* to this purpoſe, in the cloſe of 'his book concerning *Old Age*. Every one who is 'acquainted with his writings, will remember that 'the elder *Cato* is introduced in that diſcourſe as the 'ſpeaker, and *Scipio* and *Lelius* as his auditors. 'This venerable perſon is repreſented looking for-'ward as it were from the verge of extreme old age 'into a future ſtate, and riſing into a contemplation 'on the unperiſhable part of his nature, and its ex-'iſtence after death. I ſhall collect part of his diſ-'courſe. And as you have formerly offered ſome 'arguments for the ſoul's immortality, agreeable 'both to reaſon and the Chriſtian doctrine, I believe 'your readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee how the 'ſame great truth ſhines in the pomp of the *Roman* 'eloquence.

"This, ſays *Cato*, is my firm perſuaſion, that "ſince the human ſoul exerts itſelf with ſo great ac-"tivity, ſince it has ſuch a remembrance of the paſt, "ſuch a concern for the future, ſince it is enriched "with ſo many arts, ſciences, and diſcoveries, it is "impoſſible but the being which contains all theſe "muſt be immortal.

"The elder *Cyrus*, juſt before his death, is repre-"ſented by XENOPHON ſpeaking after this "manner.

'*Think not, my deareſt children, that when I de-*

* viz. No. 210. on the Soul's Immortality.

" part from you, I ſhall be no more; but remember, that " my ſoul, even while I lived among you, was inviſ- " ible to you; yet by my actions you were ſenſible it ex- " iſted in this body. Believe it therefore exiſting ſtill, " though it be ſtill unſeen. How quickly would the ho- " nours of illuſtrious men periſh after death, if their " ſouls performed nothing to preſerve their fame? " For my own part, I never could think that the ſoul " while in a mortal body, lives, but when departed out " of it, dies; or that its conſciouſneſs is loſt, when it is " diſcharged out of an unconſcious habitation. But " when it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it " truly exiſts. Farther, ſince the human frame is bro- " ken by death, tell us what becomes of its parts? It " is viſible whither the materials of other beings are " tranſlated, namely, to the ſource from whence they had " their birth. The ſoul alone, neither preſent nor de- " parted, is the object of our eyes.

" Thus *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No one ſhall " perſuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy father, or " your grandfathers *Paulus* and *Africanus*, or *Afri-* " *canus* his father or uncle, or many other excellent " men whom I need not name, performed ſo many " actions to be remembred by poſterity, without " being ſenſible that futurity was their right. And " if I may be allowed on old man's privilege, to " ſpeak of myſelf, do you think I would have endur- " ed the fatigue of ſo many weariſome days and " nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagined " that the ſame boundary which is ſet to my life

" muſt

" must terminate my glory? Were it not more desirable
" to have worn out my days in ease and tranquility,
" free from labour and without emulation? But I
" know not how, my soul has always raised itself,
" and looked forward on futurity, in this view and
" expectation, that when it shall depart out of life,
" it shall then live for ever; and if this were not
" true, that the mind is immortal, the souls of the
" most worthy would not above all others, have the
" strongest impulse to glory.

" What besides this is the cause that the wisest
" *Men* die with the greatest equanimity, the igno-
" rant with the greatest concern? Does it not
" seem that those minds which have the most exten-
" sive views, foresee they are removing to a hap-
" pier condition, which those of a narrower sight do
" not perceive? I, for my part, am transported
" with the hope of seeing your ancestors, whom I
" have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desir-
" ous of meeting not only those excellent persons
" whom I have known, but those too of whom I
" have heard and read, and of whom I myself have
" written: nor would I be detained from so pleas-
" ing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape
" from this croud, this heap of pollution, and be
" admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spi-
" rits! When I shall go not only to those great per-
" sons I have named, but to my *Cato*, my son, than
" whom a better *Man* was never born, and whose
" funeral rites I myself performed, whereas he

"ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not "his ſoul deſerted me, but ſeeming to caſt back a "look on me, is going before to thoſe habitations "to which it was ſenſible I ſhould follow him. And "though I might appear to have borne my loſs with "courage, I was not unaffected with it, but I com-"forted myſelf in the aſſurance that it would not be "long before we ſhould meet again, and be divorc-"ed no more.

I am, SIR, &c.

No. 588. Wedneſday, September 1.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate eſt & gratia & caritas.
Cicero.

You pretend that all kindneſs and benevolence is founded in weakneſs.

MAN may be conſidered in two views, as a reaſonable, and as a ſociable being; capable of becoming himſelf either happy or miſerable, and of contributing to the happineſs or miſery of his fellow-creatures. Suitable to this double capacity, the contriver of human nature hath wiſely furniſhed it with two principles of action, ſelf-love and benevolence; deſigned one of them to render *Man* wakeful to his own perſonal intereſt, the other to diſpoſe him for giving his utmoſt aſſiſtance to all engaged in the ſame purſuit.

purſuit. This is ſuch an account of our frame, ſo agreeable to reaſon, ſo much for the honour of our maker, and the credit of our ſpecies, that it may appear ſomewhat unaccountable what ſhould induce *Men* to preſent human nature as they do under characters of diſadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and ſordid aſpect, what pleaſure they can poſſibly take in ſuch a picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we would believe themſelves, is not more odious than the original? One of the firſt that talked in this lofty ſtrain of our nature was *Epicurus*. Beneficence, would his followers ſay, is all founded in weakneſs; and, whatever he pretended, the kindneſs that paſſeth between *Men* and *Men* is by every *Man* directed to himſelf. This, it muſt be confeſſed, is of a piece with the reſt of that hopeful philoſophy, which having patched *Man* up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his actions from an unintelligible declination of atoms. And for theſe glorious diſcoveries the poet is beyond meaſure tranſported in the praiſes of his hero, as if he muſt needs be ſomething more than *Man*, only for an endeavour to prove that *Man* is in nothing ſuperior to beaſts. In this ſchool was Mr. *Hobbes* inſtructed to ſpeak after the ſame manner, if he did not rather draw his knowledge from an obſervation of his own temper; for he ſomewhere unluckily lays down this as a rule. 'That from the ſimili-
'tudes of thoughts and paſſions of one *Man* to the
'thoughts and paſſions of another, whoſoever looks

'into

'into himſelf and conſiders what he doth when he 'thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what grounds; 'he ſhall hereby read and know what are the 'thoughts and paſſions of all other *Men* upon the 'like occaſions.' Now we will allow Mr. *Hobbes* to know beſt how he was inclined: But in earneſt, I ſhould be heartily out of conceit with myſelf, if I thought myſelf of this unamiable temper, as he affirms, and ſhould have as little kindneſs for myſelf as for any body in the world. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent propenſions were the original growth of the heart of *Man*, and, however checked and over-topped by counter inclinations that have ſince ſprung up within us, have ſtill ſome force in the worſt of tempers, and a conſiderable influence on the beſt. And, methinks, it is a fair ſtep towards the proof of this, that the moſt beneficent of all beings is He who hath an abſolute fulneſs of perfection in Himſelf, who gave exiſtence to the univerſe, and ſo cannot be ſuppoſed to want that which He communicated, without diminiſhing from the plentitude of his own power and happineſs. The philoſophers before-mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this argument; for placing the Gods in a ſtate of the moſt elevated bleſſedneſs, they deſcribe them as ſelfiſh as we poor miſerable mortals can be, and ſhut them out from all concern for mankind, upon the ſcore of having no need of us. But if He that ſitteth in the heavens wants not us, we ſtand in continual need of Him; and ſurely

next

next to the ſurvey of the immenſe treaſures of his own mind, the moſt exalted pleaſure He receives is from beholding millions of creatures lately drawn out of the gulph of non-exiſtence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happineſs imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, ſo in forming a reaſonable creature He would not, if poſſible, ſuffer his image to paſs out of his hands unadorned with a reſembance of Himſelf in this moſt lovely part of his nature. For what complacency could a mind, whoſe love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work ſo unlike Himſelf; a creature that ſhould be capable of knowing and converſing with a vaſt circle of objects, and love none but himſelf? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of ſuch a creature, its affections, and its underſtanding? Or could a ſociety of ſuch creatures, with no other bottom but ſelf-love on which to maintain a commerce, ever flouriſh? Reaſon, 'tis certain, would oblige every man to purſue the general happineſs, as the means to procure and eſtabliſh his own; and yet if, beſides this conſideration, there were not a natural inſtinct, prompting men to deſire the welfare and ſatisfaction of others, ſelf-love, in defiance of the admonitions of reaſon, would quickly run all things into a ſtate of war and confuſion. As nearly intereſted as the ſoul is in the fate of the body, our provident Creator ſaw it neceſſary, by the conſtant returns of hunger and thirſt, thoſe importunate appetites, to put it in mind

of

of its charge; knowing, that if we ſhould eat and drink no oftner than cold abſtracted ſpeculation ſhould put us upon theſe exerciſes, and then leave it to reaſon to preſcribe the quantity, we ſhould ſoon refine ourſelves out of this bodily life. And indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unleſs carried to it by inclinations which anticipate our reaſon, and, like a bias, draw the mind ſtrongly towards it. In order, therefore, to eſtabliſh a perpetual intercourſe of benefits amongſt *mankind* their Maker would not fail to give them this general prepoſſeſſion of benevolence, if, as I have ſaid, it were poſſible. And from whence can we go about to argue its impoſſibility? Is it inconſiſtent with ſelf-love? Are the motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is oppoſed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre, which might be improved as an illuſtration of ſelf-love, to that which whirls it about the common centre of the world, anſwering to univerſal benevolence. Is the force of ſelf-love abated, or its intereſt prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence though a diſtinct principle, is extremely ſerviceable to ſelf-love, and then doth moſt ſervice when 'tis leaſt deſigned.

But to deſcend from reaſon to matter of fact; the pity which ariſes on ſight of perſons in diſtreſs, and the ſatisfaction of mind which is the conſequence of having removed them into a happier ſtate, are inſtead of a thouſand arguments to prove ſuch a

thing

thing as a diſintereſted benevolence. Did pity proceed from a reflection we make upon our liableneſs to the ſame ill accidents we ſee befall others, it were nothing to the preſent purpoſe; but this is aſſigning an artificial cauſe of a natural paſſion, and can by no means be admitted as a tolerable account of it, becauſe children and perſons moſt thoughtleſs about their own condition, and incapable of entering into the proſpects of futurity, feel the moſt violent touches of compaſſion. And then as to that charming delight which immediately follows the giving joy to another, or relieving his ſorrow, and is, when the objects are numerous, and the kindneſs of importance, really inexpreſſible, what can this be owing to but a conſciouſneſs of a *Man*'s having done ſomething praiſeworthy, and expreſſive of a great ſoul? Whereas, if in all this he only ſacrificed to vanity and ſelf-love, as there would be nothing brave in actions that make the moſt ſhining appearance, ſo nature would not have rewarded them with this divine pleaſure; nor could the commendations, which a perſon receives for benefits done upon ſelfiſh views, be at all more ſatisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without deſign; becauſe in both caſes the ends of ſelf-love are equally anſwered. The conſcience of approving ones ſelf a benefactor to *mankind* is the nobleſt recompence for being ſo; doubtleſs it is, and the moſt intereſted cannot propoſe any thing ſo much to their own advantage; notwithſtanding which, the inclination is nevertheleſs ſelfiſh. The

pleaſure which attends the gratification of our hunger and thirſt, is not the cauſe of theſe appetites: they are previous to any ſuch proſpect; and ſo likewiſe is the deſire of doing good; with this difference that being ſeated in the intellectual part, this laſt, though antecedent to reaſon, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwiſe a virtue than as it is ſo.

Thus have I contended for the dignity of that nature I have the honour to partake of, and, after all the evidence produced, think I have a right to conclude, againſt the motto of this paper, that there is ſuch a thing as generoſity in the world. Though if I were under a miſtake in this, I ſhould ſay as *Cicero* in relation to the immortality of the ſoul, I willingly err, and ſhould believe it very much for the intereſt of *mankind* to lie under the ſame deluſion. For the contrary notion naturally tends to diſpirit the mind, and ſinks it into a meanneſs fatal to the God-like zeal of doing good: As on the other hand, it teaches people to be ungrateful, by poſſeſſing them with a perſuaſion concerning their benefactors, that they have no regard to them in the benefits they beſtow. Now he that baniſhes gratitude from among men, by ſo doing ſtops up the ſtream of beneficence. For though in conferring kindneſſes, a truly generous *Man* doth not aim at a return, yet he looks to the qualities of the perſon obliged; and as nothing renders a perſon more unworthy of a benefit, than his being without all reſentment of it, he will not be extremely forward to oblige ſuch a man.

Wedneſday,

No. 378. Wedneſday, May 14.

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.
Virg. Ecl. 4. v. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move. DRYDEN.

I Will make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine, in the country, who is not aſhamed to employ his wit in the praiſe of his Maker.

MESSIAH.

A ſacred Eclogue, compoſed of ſeveral paſſages of *Iſaiah* the Prophet.

Written in imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! *begin the ſong,*
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus *and th'* Aonian *maids,*
Delight no more---- O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's *hallow'd lips with fire!*
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A Virgin *ſhall conceive, a* Virgin *bear a ſon!*
From Jeſſe's *root behold a branch ariſe,* Iſaiah Ch. xi. v. 1.
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:

Th' æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ch. 45. v. 8. *Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,*
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
Ch. 25. v. 4. *The ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,*
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
C. 9. v. 7. *Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;*
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe, be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
C. 35. v. 2. *With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:*
See lofty Lebanon *his head advance,*
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon *riſe,*
And Carmel's *flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!*
Ch. 40. v. 3, 4. *Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears;*
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies riſe!
With head declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient bards foretold:
C. 42. v. 18 *Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!*

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray, Ch. 35.
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day. v. 5, 6.
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new musick charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound, C. 25. v. 8.
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care, Ch. 40.
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air; v. 11.
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age. C. 9. v. 6.
No more shall nation against nation rise, C. 2. v. 4.
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son Ch. 65.
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun; v. 21, 22.
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.

Ch. 35. *The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurpriſe*
v. 1, 7. *Sees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,*
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
On riſted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Ch. 41. *Waſte ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,*
v. 19. and *The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:*
C. 55. v. 13 *To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,*
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
Ch. 11. *The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant*
v. 6, 7, 8. *mead,*
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleas'd, the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting
ſhall play.
C. 60. v. 1. *Riſe crown'd with light, imperial* Salem, *riſe!*
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
C. 60. v. 4. *See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;*
See future ſons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
C. 60. v. 3. *See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,*
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;

And

See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate
kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan *ſprings!* C. 60. v. 6.
For thee Idume's *ſpicy foreſts blow,*
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's *mountains glow.*
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn, Ch. 60.
Nor ev'ning Cynthia *fill her ſilver horn,* V. 19, 22.
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF
ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's *eternal day be thine!*
The ſea ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay, C. 51. v. 6.
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away; and C. 54.
But fix'd His *word,* His *ſaving pow'r remains,* v. 10.
Thy Realm *for ever laſts, thy own* Meſſiah
reigns.

T

Friday,

No. 554. Friday, December 5,

---Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

Virg. Georg. 3. v. 9.

New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

DRYDEN.

IT is a remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* author, that *no Man ever puſhed his capacity as far as it was able to extend.* I ſhall not enquire whether this aſſertion be ſtrictly true. It may ſuffice to ſay, that men of the greateſt application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant ſpaces, and neglected parts of time, which have ſlipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one conſidering perſon in the world, but is apt to fancy with himſelf, at ſome time or other, that if his life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The *Mind* is moſt provoked to caſt on itſelf this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of ſuch men are preſented to it, as have far outſhot the generality of their ſpecies, in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the moſt extenſive and improved geniuss we have had any inſtance of in our own nation, or in any

any other, was that of *Sir Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compaſs of thought, and indefatigable ſtudy, had amaſſed to himſelf ſuch ſtores of knowledge as we cannot look upon whithout amazement. His capacity ſeems to have graſped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not ſatisfied with that, he began to ſtrike out new tracts of ſcience, too many to be travelled over by any one man, in the compaſs of the longeſt life. Theſe, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coaſtings in maps, or ſuppoſed points of land, to be further diſcovered, and aſcertained by the induſtry of after ages, who ſhould proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

The excellent Mr. *Boyle* was the perſon, who ſeems to have been deſigned by nature to ſucceed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have juſt mentioned. By innumerable experiments he, in a great meaſure, filled up thoſe plans and outlines of ſcience, which his predeceſſor had ſketched out. His life was ſpent in the purſuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the moſt rational, as well as devout adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impoſſible to name many perſons who have extended their capacities as far as theſe two, in the ſtudies they purſued; but my learned readers, on this occaſion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a**third*, who is yet living, and is likewiſe the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made

* viz. Sir Iſaac Newton.

made in natural and mathematical knowledge have ſo vaſtly increaſed in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful inſtance how great the capacity is of a *human ſoul*, and how inexhauſtible the ſubject of its inquiries; ſo true is that remark in holy writ, that *though a wiſe man ſeek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet ſhall he not be able to do it.*

I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from theſe, yet ſuch a one as may ſerve to ſhew the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the moſt ſingular inſtance of an univerſal genius I have ever met with. The perſon I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an *Italian* painter, deſcended from a noble family in *Tuſcany*, about the beginning of the ſixteenth century. In his profeſſion of hiſtory-painting he was ſo great a maſter, that ſome have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain he raiſed the envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his contemporary, and that from the ſtudy of his works *Raphael* himſelf learned his beſt manner of deſigning. He was a maſter too in ſculpture and architecture, and ſkilful in anatomy, mathematicks, and mechanicks. The aqueduct from the river *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned ſeveral languages, and was acquainted with the ſtudies of hiſtory, philoſophy, poetry, and muſic. Though it is not neceſſary to my preſent purpoſe, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewiſe his

perfection

perfection of body. The inſtances of his ſtrength are almoſt incredible. He is deſcribed to have been of a well-formed perſon, and a maſter of all genteel exerciſes. And laſtly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honeſt and generous mind, adorned with great ſweetneſs of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curioſity of my readers, to find ſo remarkable a character diſtinguiſhed by as remarkable a circumſtance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an univerſal eſteem, he was invited to the court of *France*, where, after ſome time, he fell ſick; and *Francis* the *firſt* coming to ſee him, he raiſed himſelf in his bed to acknowledge the honour that was done him by that viſit. The king embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the ſame inſtant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

It is impoſſible to attend to ſuch inſtances as theſe without being raiſed into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human *Mind*, which is capable of ſuch progreſſions in knowledge, and can contain ſuch a variety of ideas without perplexity or confuſion. How reaſonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilſt we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to laſt for ever, unleſs annihilated by Omnipotence, how abſurd would it be to imagine that a being ſo much ſuperior to it ſhould not have the ſame privilege?

At

At the ſame time it is very ſurpriſing, when we remove our thoughts from ſuch inſtances as I have mentioned, to conſider thoſe we ſo frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who ſcarce ſhew the firſt glimmerings of reaſon, and ſeem to have few ideas above thoſe of ſenſe and appetite. Theſe, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vaſt uncultivated tracts of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the moſt exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the ſame ſpecies.

Some are of opinion that the ſouls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great diſparity, we ſo often obſerve, ariſes from the different organization or ſtructure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever conſtitutes this firſt diſparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their ſeveral acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or courſe of life. The ſoul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time to poliſh it: For want of which many a good natural genius is loſt, or lies unfaſhioned like a jewel in the mine.

One of the ſtrongeſt incitements to excel in ſuch arts and accompliſhments as are in the higheſt eſteem among men, is the natural paſſion which the *Mind* of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the exceſs of it, ought by no means to be diſcouraged. Perhaps ſome moraliſts are too ſevere in

beating down this principle, which ſeems to be a ſpring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the ſoul, and is always obſerved to exert itſelf with the greateſt force in the moſt generous diſpoſitions. The men whoſe characters have ſhone the brighteſt among the ancient Romans, appear to have been ſtrongly animated by this paſſion. *Cicero*, whoſe learning and ſervices to his country are ſo well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly preſſes *Lucceius*, who was compoſing a hiſtory of thoſe times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the ſtory of his conſulſhip; and to execute it ſpeedily, that he might have the pleaſure of enjoying in his life-time ſome part of the honour which he foreſaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from ſoliciting the hiſtorian upon this occaſion to neglect the ſtrict laws of hiſtory, and, in praiſing him, *even to exceed the bounds of truth.* The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the ſame paſſion for fame, but accompanied with greater chaſteneſs and modeſty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake ſome great work, is exquiſitely beautiful, and raiſes him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. *I muſt confeſs* ſays he, *that nothing employs my thoughts more than the deſire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a deſign worthy of a man, at leaſt of ſuch a one, who being conſcious of no guile, is not afraid to be remembered by poſterity.* I think

I think I ought not to conclude, without intereſting all my readers in the ſubject of this diſcourſe: I ſhall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of ſhining in learning or the politer arts; yet *every one is capable of excelling in ſomething*. The ſoul has in this reſpect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itſelf ſhoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

No. 598. Friday, September 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de ſapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties à limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 28.

Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſu'd by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.

DRYDEN.

MANKIND may be divided into the *merry* and the *ſerious*, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the ſpecies, ſo long as they keep their reſpective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in

in the one to a melancholy moroſeneſs, and in the other to a fantaſtic levity.

The *merry* part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuſe a chearfulneſs through converſation at proper ſeaſons and on proper occaſions; but, on the contrary, a great grievance to ſociety, when they infect every diſcourſe with inſipid *Mirth*, and turn into ridicule ſuch ſubjects as are not ſuited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philoſophers as the property of reaſon, the exceſs of it has been always conſidered as the mark of folly.

On the other ſide, *Serioufneſs* has its beauty while it is attended with chearfulneſs and humanity, and does not come in unſeaſonably to all the good humour of thoſe with whom we converſe.

Theſe two ſets of men, notwithſtanding they each of them ſhine in their reſpective characters, are apt to bear a natural averſion and antipathy to one another.

What is more uſual, than to hear men of *ſerious* tempers and auſtere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the ſpecies; while they look with a kind of horror upon ſuch pomps and diverſions as are innocent in themſelves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I could not but ſmile upon reading a paſſage in the account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own life, wherein he repreſents it as a great bleſſing, that in his youth he very narrowly eſcaped getting a place at court.

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It muſt indeed be confeſſed that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a paſs to his ſoul for any temptation that aſſaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the reſiſtance of virtue. For which reaſon a renowned ſtateſman in Queen *Elizabeth's* days, after having retired from court and publick buſineſs, in order to give himſelf up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends uſed to viſit him, had ſtill this word of advice in his mouth, *Be ſerious*.

An eminent *Italian* author of this caſt of mind, ſpeaking of this great advantage of a ſerious and compoſed temper, wiſhes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had *Trophonius's* cave in poſſeſſion; which, ſays he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houſes and *Bridewells* in *Europe*.

We have a very particular deſcription of this cave in *Pauſanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumſtances, which diſpoſed the perſon who was in it to be more penſive and thoughtful than ordinary; inſomuch that no man was ever obſerved to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was uſual in thoſe times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloomineſs in his features, to tell him that he looked like one juſt come out of *Trophonius's* cave.

On the other hand, writers of a more *merry* complexion have been no leſs ſevere on the oppoſite party;

party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

After all, if a man's temper were at his own diſpoſal, I think he would not chooſe to be of either of theſe parties; ſince the moſt perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chooſe to be a hermit nor a buffoon: human nature is not ſo miſerable, as that we ſhould be always melancholy; nor ſo happy, as that we ſhould be always merry. In a word, a man ſhould not live as if there was no God in the world; nor, at the ſame time, as if there was no man in it.

No. 483. Saturday, September 13.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit---------- Hor. Ars Poet. v. 191.

Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a God.

ROSCOMMON.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableneſs, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours, as *Puniſhments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the evil to him who ſuffers, when he looks upon himſelf as the mark of di-

vine vengeance, and abates the compaſſion of thoſe towards him, who regard him in ſo dreadful a light. This humour of turning every *Misfortune* into a *judgment*, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildeſt conſtruction upon every accident that befalls them. In this caſe, therefore, it is not religion that ſours a man's temper, but it is his temper that ſours his religion: People of gloomy, unchearful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will diſcover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the fineſt of wines have often the taſte of the ſoil, ſo even the moſt religious thoughts often draw ſomething that is particular from the conſtitution of the mind in which they ariſe. When folly or ſuperſtition ſtrike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itſelf, to preſerve the character of the perſon who is poſſeſſed with it, from appearing highly abſurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I ſhall conceal under the name of *Nemeſis*, is the greateſt diſcoverer of *judgments* that I have met with. She can tell you what ſin it was that ſet ſuch a man's houſe on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that loſt her beauty by the ſmall-pox, ſhe fetches a deep ſigh, and tells you, that when ſhe had a fine face ſhe was always looking on it in her glaſs. Tell her of a piece of good-fortune

that

that has befallen one of her acquaintance; and ſhe wiſhes it may proſper with her, but her mother uſed one of her nieces very barbarouſly. Her uſual remarks turn upon people who have great eſtates, but never enjoyed them, by reaſon of ſome flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reaſon why ſuch a one died childleſs: Why ſuch an one was cut off in the flower of his youth: Why ſuch an one was unhappy in her marriage: Why one broke his leg on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground, and why another was killed with a back-ſword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every *Misfortune* that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when ſhe hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the ſuffering perſon, than on that of the thief or the aſſaſſin. In ſhort, ſhe is ſo good a Chriſtian, that whatever happens to herſelf is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a *judgment*.

The very deſcription of this folly, in ordinary life, is ſufficient to expoſe it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of ſtile, it is very apt to amuſe and terrify the mind of the reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their *judgments* as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itſelf appear venerable. Indeed, moſt hiſtorians, as well Chriſtian as pagan, have fallen into this idle ſuperſtition, and ſpoken of ill ſucceſs, unforeſeen diſ-

aſters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the ſecrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think ſeveral of our own hiſtorians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *Engliſh* monks ſeldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminiſh the power or wealth of which the eccleſiaſticks were in thoſe times poſſeſſed. *William the Conqueror's* race generally found their *judgments* in the *New Foreſt*, where their father had pulled down churches and monaſtries. In ſhort, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading an hiſtory of the kings of *Iſrael* or *Judah*, where the hiſtorians were actually inſpired, and where by a particular ſcheme of Providence, the kings were diſtinguiſhed by *judgments* or bleſſings, according as they promoted idolatry, or the worſhip of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon *Misfortunes*, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the perſon whom they befall, but very preſumptuous in regard to Him who is ſuppoſed to inflict them. It is a ſtrong argument for a ſtate of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous perſons are very often unfortunate, and vicious perſons proſperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wiſe and good in all his works, unleſs we may ſuppoſe that ſuch a promiſcuous

cuous and undiſtinguiſhing diſtribution of good and evil, which was neceſſary for carrying on the deſigns of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire ſhould fall from heaven in the ordinary courſe of Providence; nor when we ſee triumphant guilt or depreſſed virtue in particular perſons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or puniſhment of the other. It is ſufficient that there is a day ſet apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their reſpective merits.

The folly of aſcribing temporal *judgments* to any particular crimes, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. I ſhall only mention two: Firſt, that, generally ſpeaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is ſuppoſed to have happened as a *judgment* to a vicious man, which ſometimes does not happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When *Diagoras* the atheiſt was on board one of the *Athenian* ſhips, there aroſe a very violent tempeſt: upon which the mariners told him, that it was a juſt *judgment* upon them for having taken ſo impious a man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the reſt of the ſhips that were in the ſame diſtreſs, and aſked them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every veſſel in the fleet. We are all involved in the ſame calamities, and ſubject to the ſame accidents: and when we ſee any of the ſpecies under any particular oppreſſion, we ſhould look upon it, as ariſing from

from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the perſon who ſuffers.

Another conſideration, that may check our preſumption in putting ſuch a conſtruction upon a *Misfortune*, is this, that it is impoſſible for us to know what are calamities, and what are bleſſings. How many accidents have paſſed for *Misfortunes*, which have turned to the welfare and proſperity of the perſons in whoſe lot they have fallen? How many diſappointments have, in their conſequences, ſaved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon bleſſings and *judgments*; but for a man to give his opinion of what he ſees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjuſtifiable piece of raſhneſs and folly. The ſtory of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great reputation among the heathens, (for we ſee it quoted by all the ancient authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the immortality of the ſoul,) may teach us a caution in this matter. Theſe two brothers, being the ſons of a lady who was prieſteſs to *Juno*, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great ſolemnity, the perſons being abſent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occaſion. The mother was ſo tranſported with this inſtance of filial duty, that ſhe petitioned her goddeſs to beſtow upon them the greateſt gift that could be given to men; upon which they were caſt into a deep ſleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This

was

was ſuch an event, as would have been conſtrued into a *judgment*, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of diſobedience, and would doubtleſs have been repreſented as ſuch by any ancient hiſtorian who had given us an account of it. O

No. 231. Saturday, November 24.

O Pudor! O Pietas! ------ Mart.

O Modeſty! O Piety!

LOOKING over the letters which I have lately received from my correſpondents, I met with the following one, which is written with ſuch a ſpirit of politeneſs, that I could not but be very much pleaſed with it myſelf, and queſtion not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

'YOU, who are no ſtranger to public aſſemblies, cannot but have obſerved the awe they often 'ſtrike on ſuch as are obliged to exert any talent 'before them. This is a ſort of elegant diſtreſs, 'to which ingenuous minds are the moſt liable, and 'may therefore deſerve ſome remarks in your 'paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put his 'enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmoſt 'diſorder upon making a ſpeech before a body of 'his

'his friends at home: One would think there was 'ſome kind of faſcination in the eyes of a large cir-'cle of people, when darting all together upon one 'perſon. I have ſeen a new actor in a tragedy ſo 'bound up by it as to be ſcarce able to ſpeak or move, 'and have expected he would have died above three 'acts before the dagger or cup of poiſon were 'brought in. It would not be amiſs, if ſuch an one 'were at firſt introduced as a ghoſt, or a ſtatue, till 'he recovered his ſpirits, and grew fit for ſome liv-'ing part.

'As this ſudden deſertion of one's ſelf ſhews a 'diffidence, which is not diſpleaſing, it implies at 'the ſame time the greateſt reſpect to an audience 'that can be. It is a ſort of mute eloquence, which 'pleads for their favour much better than words 'could do; and we find their generoſity naturally 'moved to ſupport thoſe who are in ſo much per-'plexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleaſ-'ed with a late inſtance of this kind at the opera of '*Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a young 'ſinger, whoſe more than ordinary concern on her 'firſt appearance, recommended her no leſs than her 'agreeable voice, and juſt performance. Mere baſh-'fulneſs without merit is aukward; and merit with-'out *Modeſty*, inſolent. But *modeſt* merit has a 'double claim to acceptance, and generally meets 'with as many patrons as beholders.

I am, &c.

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It is impoſſible that a perſon ſhould exert himſelf to advantage in an aſſembly, whether it be his part either to ſing or ſpeak, who lies under too great oppreſſions of *Modeſty*. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our diſcourſe led us into the enumeration of the ſeveral organs of ſpeech which an orator ought to to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the noſe, the palate, and the wind-pipe. Upon which, ſays my friend, you have omitted the moſt material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But notwithſtanding an exceſs of *Modeſty* obſtructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought ſo requiſite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their diſciples as a particular in their art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in ſome little confuſion at the beginning of his ſpeech, and confeſſed that he himſelf never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great aſſembly, and ſeldom fails to raiſe a benevolence in the audience towards the perſon who ſpeaks. My correſpondent has taken notice that the braveſt men often appear timorous on theſe occaſions, as indeed we may obſerve, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

-----Linguâ melior, ſed frigida bello
Dextera---------- Virg. Æn. 11. v. 338.

.....Bold at the council-board;
But cautious in the field, he ſhunn'd the ſword.
DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to expreſs a man both timorous and ſaucy, makes uſe of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.

A juſt and reaſonable *Modeſty* does not only recommend eloquence, but ſets off every great talent which a man can be poſſeſſed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the ſhades in paintings, it raiſes and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not ſo glaring as they would be without it.

Modeſty is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *feeling* in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at preſent recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the hiſtory of ancient *Greece*, that the women of the country were ſeized with an unaccountable melancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves. The ſenate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this ſelf-murder, which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed an

edict,

edict, that if any woman whatever ſhould lay violent hands upon herſelf, her corps ſhould be expoſed naked in the ſtreet, and dragged about the city in the moſt public manner. This edict immediately put a ſtop to the practice which was before ſo common. We may ſee in this inſtance the ſtrength of female *Modeſty*, which was able to overcome the violence even of madneſs and deſpair. The fear of ſhame in the fair ſex, was in thoſe days more prevalent than that of death.

If *Modeſty* has ſo great an influence over our actions, and is in many caſes ſo impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeneſs which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfaſhionable the moſt ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good-breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not becauſe he is innocent, but becauſe he is ſhameleſs?

Seneca thought *Modeſty* ſo great a check to vice, that he preſcribes the practice of it in ſecret, and adviſes us to raiſe it in our ſelves upon imaginary occaſions, when ſuch as are real do not offer themſelves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourſelves, and in our greateſt ſolitudes, we ſhould fancy that *Cato* ſtands before us and ſees every thing we do. In ſhort, if you baniſh *Modeſty* out of the world, ſhe carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After theſe reflections on *Modeſty*, as it is a virtue;

I muſt obſerve, that there is a vicious *Modeſty*, which juſtly deſerves to be ridiculed, and which thoſe perſons very often diſcover who value themſelves moſt upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is aſhamed to act up to his reaſon, and would not upon any conſideration be ſurpriſed in the practice of thoſe duties, for the performance of which he was ſent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would bluſh to be caught in a ſerious diſcourſe, and would ſcarce be able to ſhew his head, after having diſcloſed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward ſhow of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this ſet of ſhame-faced people, as what would diſparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to diſhonour. This is ſuch a poorneſs of ſpirit, ſuch a deſpicable cowardice, ſuch a degenerate abject ſtate of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent inſtances of it in ordinary converſation.

There is another kind of vicious *Modeſty* which makes a man aſhamed of his perſon, his birth, his profeſſion, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumſtances, he becomes much more ſo by being out of countenance for them. They ſhould rather give him occaſion to exert a noble ſpirit, and to palliate thoſe imperfections which are not in his power, by thoſe perfections which are; or to uſe a very witty alluſion of an eminent

nent author, he ſhould imitate *Cæſar*, who, becauſe his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels. C.

No. 458. Friday, Auguſt 15.

Αἰδὼς ἐκ ἀγαθὴ-------- Heſ.
--------*Pudor malus*---------- Hor.

Falſe Modeſty.

I Could not but ſmile at the account that was yesterday given me of a *modeſt* young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not uſed to drink, had not the confidence to refuſe his glaſs in his turn, when on a ſudden he grew ſo fluſtered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abuſed every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me ſufficient occaſion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious *Modeſty*, and to remember the ſaying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the perſon has had but an ill education, who has not been taught to deny any thing*. This falſe kind of *Modeſty* has, perhaps, betrayed both ſexes into as many vices as the moſt abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcuſable to reaſon, becauſe it acts to gratify others rather than itſelf, and is puniſhed with a kind of remorſe, not only like other vicious habits when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed. Nothing

Nothing is more admirable than true *Modeſty*, and nothing is more contemptible than the falſe. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True *Modeſty* is aſhamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reaſon: Falſe *Modeſty* is aſhamed to do any thing that is oppoſite to the humour of the company. True *Modeſty* avoids every thing that is criminal, falſe *Modeſty* every thing that is unfaſhionable. The latter is only a general undetermined inſtinct; the former is that inſtinct, limited and circumſcribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that *Modeſty* to be falſe and vicious, which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiſcreet, or which reſtrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life lend money which they are not able to ſpare, are bound for perſons whom they have but little friendſhip for, give recommendatory characters of men they are not acquainted with, beſtow places on thoſe whom they do not eſteem, live in ſuch a manner as they themſelves do not approve, and all this meerly becauſe they have not the confidence to reſiſt ſolicitation, importunity or example?

Nor does this falſe *Modeſty* expoſe us only to ſuch actions as are indiſcreet, but very often to ſuch as are highly criminal. When *Xenophanes* was called timorous, becauſe he would not venture his money in a game at dice: *I confeſs*, ſaid he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.* On the contrary,

contrary, a man of vicious *Modeſty* complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look ſingular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himſelf go to every action or diſcourſe, however unjuſtifiable in itſelf, ſo it be in vogue among the preſent party. This, though one of the moſt common, is one of the moſt ridiculous diſpoſitions in human nature, that men ſhould not be aſhamed of ſpeaking or acting in a diſolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company ſhould be aſhamed of governing himſelf by the principles of reaſon and virtue.

In the ſecond place we are to conſider falſe *Modeſty*, as it reſtrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him many inſtances and examples under this head. I ſhall only dwell upon one reflection, which I cannot make without a ſecret concern. We have in *England* a particular baſhfulneſs in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any ſerious ſentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himſelf in countenance among the men of mode. Our exceſs of *Modeſty* makes us ſhamefaced in all the exerciſes of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; inſomuch, that at many well-bred tables, the maſter of the houſe is ſo very *modeſt* a man, that he has not the confidence to ſay grace at his own table: A cuſtom which is not only practiſed by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens

heathens themſelves. *Engliſh* gentlemen who travel into roman-catholick countries, are not a little ſurprized to meet with people of the beſt quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, tho' it be not at the hours of public worſhip. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleaſure in thoſe countries, would be afraid of paſſing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, ſhould he be ſeen to go to bed, or ſit down at table, without offering up his devotions on ſuch occaſions. The ſame ſhow of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters ſo much in to their ordinary converſation, that an *Engliſhman* is apt to term them hypocritical and preciſe.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation, may proceed in ſome meaſure from that *Modeſty* which is natural to us, but the great occaſion of it is certainly this: Thoſe ſwarms of ſectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocriſy ſo high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthuſiaſm; inſomuch that upon the reſtoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of thoſe perſons, who had made religion a cloke to ſo many villanies. This led them into the other extreme, every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical, and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flouriſhed in that reign, and attacked every thing that was ſerious, it has ever ſince been out of countenance among

among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious *Modeſty* which has in ſome meaſure worn out from among us the appearance of Chriſtianity in ordinary life and converſation, and which diſtinguiſhes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocriſy cannot indeed be too much deteſted, but at the ſame time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally deſtructive to the perſon who is poſſeſſed with them; but in regard to others, hyprocriſy is not ſo pernicious as bare-faced irreligion. The due mean to be obſerved is to be ſincerely virtuous, and at the ſame time to let the world ſee we are ſo. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced againſt thoſe who have this perverted *Modeſty*, to be aſhamed before men in a particular of ſuch unſpeakable importance. C.

No. 484. Monday. September 15.

Neque cuiquam tam ſtatim clarum ingenium eſt, ut poſſit emergere; niſi illi materia, occaſio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat. Plin. Epiſt.

No man's abilities are ſo remarkably ſhining, as not to ſtand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praiſes of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young fellows who are in their pro-
'greſs thro' any profeſſion, none ſeem to
'have ſo good a title to the protection of the men
'of eminence in it as the *modeſt* man; not ſo much
'becauſe his *Modeſty* is a certain indication of his
'merit, as becauſe 'tis a certain obſtacle to the pro-
'ducing of it. Now, as of all profeſſions this vir-
'tue is thought to be more particularly unneceſſary
'in that of the law than in any other, I ſhall on-
'ly apply myſelf to the relief of ſuch who follow
'this profeſſion with this diſadvantage. What aggra-
'vates the matter is, that thoſe perſons who, the
'better to prepare themſelves for this ſtudy, have
'made ſome progreſs in others, have, by addicting
'themſelves to letters, increaſed their natural *Mo-*
'*deſty*, and conſequently heightened the obſtruction

'to

'to this ſort of preferment; ſo that every one of 'theſe may emphatically be ſaid to be ſuch a one as 'laboureth and taketh pains, and is ſtill the more be-'hind. It may be a matter worth diſcuſſing then, 'why that which made a youth ſo amiable to the an-'cients, ſhould make him appear ſo ridiculous to the 'moderns? and, why in our days there ſhould 'be neglect, and even opreſſion of young begin-'ners, inſtead of that protection which was the 'pride of theirs? In the profeſſion ſpoken of, 'tis 'obvious to every one whoſe attendance is required 'at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with what difficulty a youth 'of any *Modeſty* has been permitted to make an ob-'ſervation, that could in no wiſe detract from the 'merit of his elders, and is abſolutely neceſſary for 'the advancing his own. I have often ſeen one of 'theſe not only moleſted in his utterance of ſome-'thing very pertinent, but even plundered of his 'queſtion, and by a ſtrong ſerjeant ſhouldered out 'of his rank, which he has recovered with much 'difficulty and confuſion. Now as great part of the 'buſineſs of this profeſſion might be diſpatched by 'one that perhaps

---------Abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſalæ, nec ſcit quantum Cauſellius Aulus;
Her. Ars Poet. v. 370.

-----wants *Meſſala's* pow'rful eloquence,
And is leſs read than deep *Cauſellius*:
ROSCOMMON.

'ſo

'ſo I cannot conceive the injuſtice done to the public, 'if the men of reputation in this calling would intro- 'duce ſuch of the young ones into buſineſs, whoſe 'application to this ſtudy will let them into the ſe- 'crets of it, as much as their *Modeſty* will hinder 'them from the practice: I ſay, it would be laying an 'everlaſting obligation on a young man, to be in- 'troduced at firſt only as a mute, till by this counte- 'nance, and a reſolution to ſupport the good opinion 'conceived of him in his betters, his complexion 'ſhall be ſo well ſettled, that the litigious of this 'iſland may be ſecure of his obſtreperous aid. If I 'might be indulged to ſpeak in the ſtile of a lawyer, 'I would ſay, that any one about thirty years of age 'might make a common motion to the court with 'as much elegance and propriety as the moſt aged 'advocates in the hall.

'I cannot advance the merit of *Modeſty* by any 'argument of my own ſo powerfully, as by enquir- 'ing into the ſentiments the greateſt among the 'ancients of different ages entertained upon this 'virtue. If we go back to the days of *Solomon*, we 'ſhall find favour a neceſſary conſequence to a ſhame- 'faced man. *Pliny*, the greateſt lawyer and moſt ele- 'gant writer of the age he lived in, in ſeveral of his 'epiſtles is very ſolicitous in recommending to the 'public ſome young men of his own profeſſion, and 'very often undertakes to become an advocate, 'upon condition that ſome one of theſe his favour- 'ites might be joined with him, in order to produce

'the

'the merit of ſuch, whoſe *Modeſty* otherwiſe would 'have ſuppreſſed it. It may ſeem very marvellous 'to a ſaucy modern, that *multum ſanguinis, multum 'verecundiæ, multum ſolicitudinis in ore; to have the 'face firſt full of blood, then the countenance daſhed 'with* Modeſty, *and then the whole aſpect as of one 'dying with fear, when a man begins to ſpeak*; ſhould 'be eſteemed by *Pliny* the neceſſary qualifications 'of a fine ſpeaker. *Shakeſpear* alſo has expreſſed 'himſelf in the ſame favourable ſtrain of *Modeſty*, 'when he ſays,

----------In the Modeſty *of fearful duty*
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence--------

'Now ſince theſe authors have profeſſed them-'ſelves for the *modeſt* man, even in the utmoſt con-'fuſion of ſpeech and countenance, why ſhould an 'intreprid utterance and a reſolute vociferation 'thunder ſo ſucceſsfully in our courts of juſtice? 'And why ſhould that confidence of ſpeech and be-'haviour, which ſeems to acknowledge no ſuperior, 'and to defy all contradiction, prevail over that 'deference and reſignation with which the *modeſt* 'man implores that favourable opinion which the 'other ſeems to command?

'As the caſe at preſent ſtands, the beſt conſolation 'that I can adminiſter to thoſe who cannot get into 'that ſtroke of buſineſs (as the phraſe is) which they 'deſerve, is to reckon every particular acquiſition

'of

'of knowledge in this ſtudy as a real increaſe of their 'fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this 'imaginary gain will certainly be made out by one 'more ſubſtantial. I wiſh you would talk to us a 'a little on this head, you would oblige,

Sir, your humble Servant.

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good ſenſe; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occaſion; for I have obſerved, that under the notion of *Modeſty*, men have indulged themſelves in a ſpiritleſs ſheepiſhneſs, and been for ever loſt to themſelves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may juſtly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injuſtice to any other; it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honeſt ambition. I have ſaid often, *Modeſty* muſt be an act of the will, and yet it always implies ſelf-denial: For if a man has an ardent deſire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly baſhfulneſs, ſhrinks away, and lets his merit languiſh in ſilence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unſkilful actor ſucceeds in his part, becauſe he has not confidence to come upon the ſtage himſelf. The generoſity my correſpondent mentions of *Pliny*, cannot be enough applauded. To cheriſh the dawn of merit, and haſten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble *Roman* and a liberal ſcholar. That concern

which

which is deſcribed in the letter, is to all the world the greateſt charm imaginable: but then the *modeſt* man muſt proceed, and ſhew a latent reſolution in himſelf; for the admiration of his *Modeſty* ariſes from the manifeſtation of his merit. I muſt confeſs we live in an age wherein a few empty bluſterers carry away the praiſe of ſpeaking, while a crew of fellows over-ſtocked with knowledge are run down by them: I ſay, over-ſtocked, becauſe they certainly are ſo as to their ſervice of mankind, if from their very ſtore they raiſe to themſelves ideas of reſpect, and greatneſs of the occaſion, and I know not what, to diſable themſelves from explaining their thoughts. I muſt confeſs, when I have ſeen *Charles Frankair* riſe up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handſome words, talk a mile off the purpoſe, and drive down twenty baſhful boobies of ten times his ſenſe, who at the ſame time were envying his impudence and deſpiſing his underſtanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it ſoon ended in a ſecret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praiſe-worthy in theſe realms, the univerſities, ſhould be ſo muddied with a falſe ſenſe of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being ſo abuſed. I will be bold to ſay, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his beſt appearance before the greateſt man and the fineſt woman to whom he can addreſs himſelf. Were this judiciouſly corrected in the nurſeries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their diſtance: But we muſt bear with this falſe *Modeſty* in our

young

young nobility and gentry, 'till they ceaſe at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in the ſtudy of eloquence. T

No. 405. Saturday, June 14.

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.

Hom. Il. 1. v. 472.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;
The Paeans lengthen'd till the ſun deſcends:
The Greeks *reſtor'd the grateful notes prolong;*
Apollo *liſtens, and approves the ſong.* Pope.

I Am very ſorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to loſe the greateſt performer in dramatick *Muſic* that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a ſtage. I need not acquaint my reader, that I am ſpeaking of *Signior Nicolini*. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artiſt, for having ſhewn us the *Italian Muſic* in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the compoſer endeavoured to do juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example, which has been ſet him by the greateſt foreign maſters of that art.

I could

I could heartily wiſh there was the ſame application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our* *Church-Muſic*, as have been lately beſtowed on that of the ſtage. Our compoſers have one very great incitement to it. They are ſure to meet with excellent words, and at the ſame time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no paſſion that is not finely expreſſed in thoſe parts of the inſpired writings, which are proper for divine ſongs and anthems.

There is a certain coldneſs and indifference in the phraſes of our *European* languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of ſpeech; and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* idioms run into the *Engliſh* tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infuſion of *Hebraiſms*, which are derived to it out of the poetical paſſages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expreſſion, warm and animate our language and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intenſe phraſes, than any that are to be met with in our tongue. There is ſomething ſo pathetick in this kind of diction, that it often ſets the mind in a flame and makes our *hearts burn within us*. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is compoſed in the moſt elegant and polite forms of ſpeech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that ſolemnity of phraſe, which may be drawn from the ſacred writings. It has been ſaid by ſome

* Since the *Spectator's* time, the genius of *Handel* has happily fulfilled this wiſh.

of the ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with men, they would certainly ſpeak in *Plato's* ſtile; but I think we may ſay, with juſtice, that when mortals converſe with their Creator, they cannot do it in ſo proper a ſtile as in that of the holy ſcriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* manners of ſpeech mix and incorporate with the *Engliſh* language; after having peruſed the book of pſalms, let him read a literal tranſlation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in theſe two laſt ſuch an abſurdity and confuſion of ſtile, with ſuch a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very ſenſible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore ſuch a treaſury of words, ſo beautiful in themſelves, and ſo proper for the airs of *Muſic*, I cannot but wonder that perſons of diſtinction ſhould give ſo little attention and encouragement to that kind of *Muſic* which would have its foundation in reaſon, and would improve our virtue in proportion as it raiſed our delight. The paſſions that are excited by ordinary compoſitions generally flow from ſuch ſilly and abſurd occaſions, that a man is aſhamed to reflect upon them ſeriouſly; but the fear, the love, the ſorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from ſuch cauſes as are altogether reaſonable and praiſe-worthy. Pleaſure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our ſatisfaction is, the greater is our religion. *Muſic*

Muſic among thoſe who were ſtiled the choſen people was a religious art. The ſongs of *Sion*, which we have reaſon to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eaſtern monarchs, were nothing but pſalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greateſt conqueror, in this holy nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* lyrics, did not only compoſe the words of his divine odes, but generally ſet them to *Muſic* himſelf: After which, his works, tho' they were conſecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of his people.

The firſt original of the drama was a religious worſhip conſiſting only of a chorus, which was nothing elſe but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuouſneſs prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worſhip degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus ſo far remembered its firſt office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and *Heſiod* intimate to us how this art ſhould be applied, when they repreſent the muſes as ſurrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might ſhew from innumerable paſſages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and inſtrumental *Muſic* were made uſe of in their religious worſhip, but that their moſt favourite diverſions were filled with ſongs and hymns to their reſpec-

tive deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our paſſions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cheriſh thoſe divine impulſes in the ſoul, which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſual and immoderate pleaſures.

Muſic, when thus applied, raiſes noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It ſtrengthens devotion, and advances praiſe into rapture. It lengthens out every act of worſhip, and produces more laſting and permament impreſſions in the mind, than thoſe which accompany any tranſient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worſhip. O

No. 188. Friday, October 5.

Lælus ſum laudari à te laudato viro. Tull.

It gives me pleaſure to be praiſed by you, whom all men praiſe.

HE is a very unhappy man who ſets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects *a general* and *undiſtinguiſhing applauſe* among men. What pious men call the teſtimony of a good conſcience, ſhould be the meaſure of our ambition in this kind; that is to ſay, a man of ſpirit ſhould contemn the praiſe of the ignorant, and like being

applauded

applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deſerves. Beſides which the character of the perſon who commends you is to be conſidered, before you ſet a value upon his eſteem. The praiſe of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you ſhall receive his kindneſs as he is a good neighbour in ſociety, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The ſatyriſt ſaid very well of *popular praiſe* and acclamations, *Give the tinkers and coblers their preſents again, and learn to live of yourſelf.* It is an argument of a looſe and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiſcuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue ſhould be too delicate for ſo coarſe an appetite of fame. Men of honour ſhould endeavour only to pleaſe the worthy, and the man of merit ſhould deſire to be tried by his peers. I thought it a noble ſentiment which I heard yeſterday uttered in converſation; *I know*, ſaid a gentleman, *a way to be greater than any man: If he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his ſuperiority to me; and that ſatisfaction is a greater act of the ſoul in me, than any in him which can poſſibly appear to me.* This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous ſpirit; and the approbation of ſuch minds is what may be eſteemed true praiſe: For with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themſelves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at: But the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is ſet rather to do things laudable, than to purchaſe reputation.

Where

Where there is that ſincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unfought, but a neceſſary conſequence. The *Lacedemonians*, tho' a plain people, and no pretenders to politeneſs, had a certain delicacy in their ſenſe of glory, and ſacrificed to the muſes when they entered upon any great enterprize. They would have the commemoration of their actions be tranſmitted by the pureſt and moſt untainted memorialiſts. The din which attends victories and public triumphs is by far leſs eligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honeſt and wiſe hiſtorians. It is a frivolous pleaſure to be the admiration of gaping crouds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his cloſet, is a gratification worthy an heroic ſpirit. The applauſe of the croud makes the head giddy, but the atteſtation of a reaſonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of *popular* or *general praiſe* ſtill more ridiculous, is, that it is uſually given for circumſtances which are foreign to the perſon admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands, and put into another's. The application only, and not the poſſeſſion, makes thoſe outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of ſenſe agree in admiring men for having what they themſelves would rather be poſſeſſed of; the wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous, the reſt of the world him who is moſt wealthy.

When

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monſtrous, than to ſee perſons of ingenuity addreſs their ſervices and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In theſe caſes, the praiſe on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as abſurd as any of the ſpeeches of *Bullfinch* in the droll: Such an addreſs one is apt to tranſlate into other words: and when the different parties are thoroughly conſidered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author ſhould ſay to the patron; *My very good Lord, you and I can never underſtand one another, therefore I humbly deſire we may be intimate friends for the future.*

The rich may as well aſk to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but ſuch as himſelf. He that commends another, engages ſo much of his own reputation as he gives to that perſon commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himſelf is not of ability to be ſuch a ſurety. The wiſe *Phocion* was ſo ſenſible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who ſtood near him and aſked in a ſurpriſed manner, *What ſlip have I made?*

I ſhall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a lady

from

from a gentleman whom she had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all possibility of commerce between them on the subject of love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give occasion for this letter.

Madam,

'I Should be insensible to a stupidity, if I could forbear making you my acknowledgments for 'your late mention of me with so much applause. 'It is, I think, your fate to give me new sentiments; 'as you formerly inspired me with the true sense of 'love, so do you now with the true sense of glory. 'As desire had the least part in the passion I here-'tofore professed towards you, so has vanity no 'share in the glory to which you have now raised 'me. Innocence, knowledge, beauty, virtue, sin-'cerity, and discretion, are the constant ornaments 'of her who has said this of me. Fame is a babbler, 'but I have arrived at the highest glory in this 'world, the commendation of the most deserving 'person in it. T

Saturday,

No. 237. Saturday, December 1.

Viſu carentem magna pars veri latet.

Seneca in Œdip.

The blind ſee truth by halves.

IT is very reaſonable to believe, that part of the pleaſure which happy minds ſhall enjoy in a future ſtate, will ariſe from an enlarged contemplation of the divine wiſdom in the government of the world, and a diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing ſteps of *Providence*, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing ſeems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we conſider that curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing paſſions; and what a perpetual ſucceſſion of enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a ſcene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our view in the ſociety of ſuperior ſpirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a proſpect!

It is not impoſſible, on the contrary, that part of the puniſhment of ſuch as are excluded from bliſs, may conſiſt not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the ſame time vaſtly increaſed, without any ſatisfaction afforded to them. In theſe, the vain purſuit of knowledge ſhall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them

into labyrinths of error, darkneſs, diſtraction and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil ſtate. *Milton* has thus repreſented the fallen angels reaſoning together in a kind of reſpite from their torments, and creating to themſelves a new diſquiet amidſt their very amuſements; he could not properly have deſcribed the ſports of condemned ſpirits, without that caſt of horror and melancholy he has ſo judiciouſly mingled with them.

Others apart ſat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, *foreknowledge, will and fate,*
Fixt fate, freewill, foreknowledge abſolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes loſt.

In our preſent condition, which is a middle ſtate, our minds are, as it were, chequered with truth and falſhood; and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impoſſible but our curioſity muſt meet with many repulſes. The buſineſs of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reaſon of the inquiſitive has ſo long been exerciſed with difficulties, in accounting for the promiſcuous diſtribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all thoſe pathetick complaints of ſo many tragical events, which happen to the wiſe and the good; and of ſuch ſurpriſing proſperity,

which

which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. *Seneca* has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of *Demetrius*, that *nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction*. He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the divine Being to that of a wise father who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, that there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works than a brave man superior to his sufferings; to which he adds, that it must be a pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

This thought will appear ſtill more reaſonable, if we conſider human life as a ſtate of probation, and adverſity as the poſt of honour in it, aſſigned often to the beſt and moſt ſelect ſpirits.

But what I would chiefly inſiſt on here, is, that we are not at preſent in a proper ſituation to judge of the counſels by which *Providence* acts, ſince but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we diſcern imperfectly; or according to the elegant figure in holy writ, *We ſee but in part, and as in a glaſs darkly.* It is to be conſidered, that *Providence* in its œconomy regards the whole ſyſtem of time and things together, ſo that we cannot diſcover the beautiful connection between incidents which lie widely ſeparate in time, and by loſing ſo many links of the chain, our reaſonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thoſe parts of the moral world which have not an abſolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in reſpect of ſome other parts concealed from us, but open to his eyes before whom *paſt*, *preſent*, and *to come*, are ſet together in one point of view: and thoſe events, the permiſſion of which ſeems now to accuſe his goodneſs, may in the conſummation of things both magnify his goodneſs, and exalt his wiſdom. And this is enough to check our preſumption, ſince it is in vain to apply our meaſures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the conſequents, the beginning nor the end.

I ſhall relieve my readers from this abſtracted thought, by relating here a *Jewiſh* tradition concerning

cerning *Moſes*, which ſeems to be a kind of parable, illuſtrating what I have laſt mentioned. That great prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propoſe to him ſome queſtions concerning his adminiſtration of the univerſe. In the midſt of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there iſſued out a clear ſpring of water, at which a ſoldier alighted from his horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little boy came to the ſame place, and finding a purſe of gold which the ſoldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the ſide of the ſpring. The ſoldier miſſing his purſe returns to ſearch for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to heaven in witneſs of his innocence. The ſoldier not believing his proteſtations, kills him. *Moſes* fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expoſtulation; 'Be not ſurpriſed, *Moſes*, nor aſk why the Judge of 'the whole earth has ſuffered this thing to come to 'paſs: The child is the occaſion that the blood of 'the old man is ſpilt; but know, that the old man 'whom thou ſaweſt, was the murderer of that child's 'father.

No. 459. Saturday, Auguſt 16.

——Quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.
Hor. Ep. 4. l. 1. v. 5.

——What beſits the wiſe and good. CREECH.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two general heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all thoſe duties to which we are directed by reaſon or natural *Religion*. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of faith, the ſecond by that of morality.

If we look into the more ſerious part of mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a ſtreſs upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build ſo much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the ſubject of this day's paper.

Notwithſtanding this general diviſion of Chriſtian duty

duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the preeminence in several respects.

First, Because the greatest part of morality (as I have stated the notion of it) is of a fixt eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

Secondly, Because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in those of faith.

Fifthly, Because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally owned, there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel, (particularly in the case of invincible ignorance) but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Because faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

First,

Firſt, In explaining, and carrying to greater heights, ſeveral points of morality.

Secondly, In furniſhing new and ſtronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer ſtate of ourſelves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileneſs of our natures.

Fourthly, By ſhewing us the blackneſs and deformity of vice, which in the Chriſtian ſyſtem is ſo very great, that He who is poſſeſſed of all perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our divines as hating ſin to the ſame degree that he loves the ſacred perſon who was made the propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and preſcribed method of making morality effectual to ſalvation.

I have only touched on theſe ſeveral heads, which every one who is converſant in diſcourſes of this nature will eaſily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw concluſions from them which may be uſeful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am ſure is ſo obvious, that he cannot miſs it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his ſcheme of morality, who does not ſtrengthen and ſupport it with that of the Chriſtian faith.

Beſides this, I ſhall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been ſaid.

Firſt, That we ſhould be particularly cautious of making

making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentick, which weakens or ſubverts the practical part of *Religion*, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greateſt friend of morality, or natural *Religion*, cannot poſſibly apprehend any danger from embracing Chriſtianity, as it is preſerved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewiſe another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing conſiderations, which is this, that we ſhould, in all dubious points, conſider any ill conſequences that may ariſe from them, ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, before we give up our aſſent to them.

For example, in that diſputable point of perſecuting men for conſcience ſake, beſides the imbittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of reſentment, and inſnaring them to profeſs what they do not believe; we cut them off from the pleaſures and advantages of ſociety, afflict their bodies, diſtreſs their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I ſee ſuch dreadful conſequences riſing from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonſtration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my *Religion*.

In this caſe the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident; the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and diſputable nature. Morality ſeems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true ſyſtem of faith may juſtify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think if our *Religion* produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for ſhewing itſelf by ſuch cruel inſtances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, *We have juſt enough* Religion *to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.* C

No. 465. Saturday. Auguſt 23.

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor & rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes.
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 97.

How thou may'ſt live, how ſpend thine age in peace:
Leſt avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine eaſe:
Or fears ſhou'd ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe.
CREECH.

HAVING endeavoured in my laſt *Saturday's* paper to ſhew the great excellency of faith, I ſhall here conſider what are the proper means of ſtrengthning and confirming it in the mind of man.

Theſe

Thoſe who delight in reading books of controverſy, which are written on both ſides of the queſtion in points of faith, do very ſeldom arrive at a fixed and ſettled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with ſomething that ſhakes and diſturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and ſhews itſelf in new difficulties, and that generally for this reaſon, becauſe the mind which is perpetually toſt in controverſies and diſputes, is apt to forget the reaſons which had once ſet it at reſt, and to be diſquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new ſhape, or is ſtarted by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after truth, ſo nothing is more irrational than to paſs away our whole lives, without determining ourſelves one way or other in thoſe points which are of the laſt importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our aſſent; but in caſes by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greateſt abſurdity to be wavering and unſettled, without cloſing with that ſide which appears the moſt ſafe and the moſt probable.

The firſt rule therefore which I ſhall lay down is this, that when by reading or diſcourſe we find ourſelves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reaſonableneſs of our belief in it, we ſhould never after ſuffer ourſelves to call it into queſtion. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occaſioned our conviction, but we ought to remember

ber the ſtrength they had with us, and therefore ſtill to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or ſcience, nor is it poſſible to act otherwiſe, conſidering the weakneſs and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus, that *Latimer*, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in *England*, behaved himſelf in that great conference which was managed between the moſt learned among the proteſtants and papiſts in the reign of queen *Mary*. This venerable old man knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impoſſible for him to recollect all thoſe reaſons which had directed him in the choice of his *Religion*, left his companions who were in the full poſſeſſion of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagoniſts by the force of reaſon. As for himſelf he only repeated to his adverſaries the articles in which he firmly believed; and in the poſſeſſion of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propoſitions which he has once demonſtrated; and though the demonſtration may have ſlipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, becauſe he knows it was demonſtrated. This rule is abſolutely neceſſary for weaker minds, and in ſome meaſure for men of the greateſt abilities; but to theſe laſt I would propoſe,

In the ſecond place, that they ſhould lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in a readineſs, thoſe

thoſe arguments which appear to them of the greateſt ſtrength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which ſtrengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of *Religion*, who finds it is not againſt his intereſt that it ſhould be true. The pleaſures he receives at preſent, and the happineſs which he promiſes himſelf from it hereafter, will both diſpoſe him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary obſervation that *we are eaſy to believe what we wiſh*. It is very certain, that a man of ſound reaſon cannot forbear cloſing with *Religion* upon an impartial examination of it: but at the ſame time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers ſtrength from practice more than from ſpeculation.

There is ſtill another method which is more perſuaſive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in conſtant acts of mental worſhip, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe but feels there is a Deity. He has actual ſenſations of Him; his experience concurs with his reaſon; he ſees Him more and more in all his intercourſes with Him, and even in this life almoſt loſes his faith in conviction.

The laſt method which I ſhall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with *religious* meditation.

tion. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkneſs of the night, whatever deep impreſſions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vaniſh as ſoon as the day breaks about him. The light and noiſe of the day, which are perpetually ſoliciting his ſenſes, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themſelves in it, with ſo much ſtrength, during the ſilence and darkneſs of the night. A man finds the ſame difference as to himſelf in a croud and in a ſolitude: the mind is ſtunned and dazzled amidſt that variety of objects which preſs upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herſelf to the conſideration of thoſe things which are of the utmoſt concern to her. The cares or pleaſures of the world ſtrike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of juſtification to our folly. In our retirements every thing diſpoſes us to be ſerious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with thoſe of God. One is the Providence of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reaſonable man, who ſees the impreſſions of divine power and wiſdom in every object, on which he caſts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the beſt arguments for his own exiſtence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth, and thoſe are arguments which a man of ſenſe cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noiſe and hurry of human affairs. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that ſhould a man live under ground, and there converſe with

works

works of art and mechaniſm, and ſhould afterwards be brought up into the open day, and ſee the ſeveral glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of ſuch a Being as we define God to be. The pſalmiſt has very beautiful ſtrokes of poetry to this purpoſe, in that exalted ſtrain: *The heavens declare the glory of God: And the firmament ſheweth his handy work. One day telleth another: And one night certifieth another. There is neither ſpeech nor language: But their voices are heard among them. Their ſound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world.* As ſuch a bold and ſub ime manner of thinking furniſhes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may ſee it wrought into the following one.

I.

The ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:

Whilſt

Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn ſilence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine." C

No. 494. Friday, September 26.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè deteſtabilem, quorum eſt tandem philoſophorum? Cic.

What kind of philoſophy is it, to extol melancholy, the moſt deteſtable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the faſhion in *England*, for every one that would be *religious*, to throw as much ſanctity as poſſible into his face, and in particular to abſtain from all appearance of mirth and pleaſantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The ſaint was of a ſorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with

ſpleen

ſpleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent miniſter, who was head of a college in thoſe times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and juſt fitted out for the univerſity with a good cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent miniſter whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a ſervant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in faſhion. He conducted him, with great ſilence and ſerioufneſs, to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a ſingle candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a taper, 'till at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increaſed, when, inſtead of being aſked what progreſs he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* ſtood him in little ſtead; he was to give an account only of the ſtate of his ſoul, whether he was of the number of the elect; what was

the occaſion of his converſion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was ſummed up with one ſhort queſtion, namely, *Whether he was prepared for death?* The boy, who had been bred up by honeſt parents, was frighted out of his wits at the ſolemnity of the proceeding, and by the laſt dreadful interrogatory; ſo that upon making his eſcape out of the houſe of mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithſtanding this general form and outſide of *Religion* is pretty well worn out among us, there are many perſons, who, by a natural unchearfulneſs of heart, miſtaken notions of piety, or weakneſs of underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themſelves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superſtitious fears and groundleſs ſcruples cut them off from the pleaſures of converſation, and all thoſe ſocial entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and chearfulneſs of heart denied thoſe who are the only perſons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of thoſe ſons of ſorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptiſmal vow. An innocent jeſt ſtartles him like blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a

title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; deſcribe a public ceremony, he ſhakes his head; ſhew him a gay equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is ſcandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He ſits at a chriſtening, or a marriage-feaſt, as at a funeral; ſighs at the concluſion of a merry ſtory, and grows devout when the reſt of the company grow pleaſant. After all, *Sombrius* is a *religious* man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when Chriſtianity was under a general perſecution.

I would by no means preſume to tax ſuch characters with hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He, who knows the ſecrets of men's hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual ſorrow of heart, they rather deſerve our compaſſion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider whether ſuch a behaviour does not deter men from a *religious* life, by repreſenting it as an unſociable ſtate, that extinguiſhes all joy and gladneſs, darkens the face of nature, and deſtroys the reliſh of being itſelf.

I have, in* former papers, ſhewn how great a tendency there is to chearfulneſs in *Religion*, and how ſuch a frame of mind is not only the moſt lively, but

* See papers on *Chearfulneſs*.

the moſt commendable in a virtuous perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent *Religion* in ſo unamiable a light, are like the ſpies, ſent by *Moſes* to make a diſcovery of the land of *Promiſe*, when by their reports they diſcouraged the people from entering upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the joy, the chearfulneſs, the good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy ſtate, are like the ſpies bringing along with them the cluſters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleaſant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer has made a diſcourſe, to ſhew that the atheiſt, who denies a God, does him leſs diſhonour than the man who owns his being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch a man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, man is diſtinguiſhed from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has an heart capable of mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the buſineſs of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh gladneſs from the heart of man. *Religion* contracts the circle of our pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exerciſe

of

of virtue, are in their own nature ſo far from excluding all gladneſs of heart, that they are perpetual ſources of it. In a word, the true ſpirit of *Religion* cheers, as well as compoſes the ſoul; it baniſhes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual ſerenity, uninterrupted chearfulneſs, and an habitual inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in itſelf. O

No. 464. Friday, Auguſt 22.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ. Hor. Od. 10. l. 2. v. 5.

The golden mean, as ſhe's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
So is her modeſty withal as great,
To balk the envy of a princely ſeat.

NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleaſed when I meet with any paſſage in an old *Greek* or *Latin* author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful ſaying in *Theognis*; *vice is covered by* wealth, *and virtue by* Poverty; or to give it in the verbal tranſlation,

Among

Among men there are ſome who have their vices concealed by wealth; *and others who have their virtues concealed by* Poverty. Every man's obſervation will ſupply him with inſtances of *rich* men, who have ſeveral faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their *Riches*; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural deſcription of a *poor* man, whoſe merits are loſt in his *Poverty*, than that in the words of the wiſe man. *There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king againſt it, and beſieged it, and built great bulwarks againſt it: Now there was found in it a* poor *wiſe man, and he by his wiſdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembred that ſame* poor *man. Then ſaid I, wiſdom is better than ſtrength; nevertheleſs, the* poor *man's wiſdom is deſpiſed, and his words are not heard.*

The middle condition ſeems to be the moſt advantageouſly ſituated for the gaining of wiſdom. *Poverty* turns our thoughts too much upon the ſupplying of our wants, and *Riches* upon enjoying our ſuperfluities; and as *Cowley* has ſaid in another caſe, *It is hard for a man to keep a ſteady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph.*

If we regard *Poverty* and *wealth*, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may obſerve that there is a ſet of each of theſe growing out of *Poverty*, quite different from that which riſes out of *wealth*. Humility and patience, induſtry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a

poor

poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity, and a ſenſe of honour, are as often the qualifications of the *rich*. On the contrary, *Poverty* is apt to betray a man into envy, *Riches* into arrogance; *Poverty* is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and diſcontent. *Riches* expoſe a man to pride and luxury, a fooliſh elation of heart, and too great a fondneſs for the preſent world. In ſhort, the middle condition is moſt eligible to the man who would improve himſelf in virtue; as I have before ſhewn, it is the moſt advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this conſideration that *Agur* founded his prayer, which for the wiſdom of it is recorded in holy writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither* Poverty *nor* Riches; *feed me with food convenient for me: leſt I be full and deny Thee, and ſay, who is the Lord? or leſt I be* poor *and ſteal, and take the name of my God in vain.*

I ſhall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by *Ariſtophanes* the *Greek* comedian. It ſeems originally deſigned as a ſatire upon the *rich*, though, in ſome parts of it, 'tis like the foregoing diſcourſe, a kind of compariſon between *wealth* and *Poverty*. *Chremylus* who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding *poor*, being deſirous to leave ſome *Riches* to his ſon, conſults the oracle of *Apollo* upon the ſubject. The oracle bids him follow the firſt man he

ſhould

ſhould ſee upon his going out of the temple. The perſon he chanced to ſee was to appearance an old ſordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at laſt found by his own confeſſion, that he was *Plutus* the god of *Riches*, and that he was juſt come out of the houſe of a miſer. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a boy, he uſed to declare that as ſoon as he came to age, he would diſtribute *wealth* to none but virtuous and juſt men; upon which *Jupiter* conſidering the pernicious conſequences of ſuch a reſolution, took his ſight away from him, and left him to ſtroll about the world in the blind condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his houſe, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his gueſt for many years, and whoſe name was *Poverty*. The old woman refuſing to turn out ſo eaſily as he would have her, he threatned to baniſh her not only from his own houſe, but out of all *Greece*, if ſhe made any more words upon the matter. *Poverty* on this occaſion pleads her cauſe very notably, and repreſents to her old landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts and ſciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was *rich*, they would never be ſupplied with thoſe pomps, ornaments and conveniencies of life which made *Riches* deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral advantages which ſhe beſtowed upon her votaries, in regard to their ſhape, their health and activity,

activity, by preſerving them from gouts, dropſies, unwieldineſs, and intemperance. But whatever ſhe had to ſay for herſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately conſidered how he might reſtore *Plutus* to his ſight; and in order to it conveyed him to the temple of *Æſculapius*, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and begun to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by piety towards the gods, and juſtice towards men; and at the ſame time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry incidents, till in the laſt act *Mercury* deſcends with great complaints from the gods, that ſince the good men were grown *rich* they had received no ſacrifices, which is confirmed by a prieſt of *Jupiter*, who enters with a remonſtrance, that ſince this late innovation he was reduced to a ſtarving condition, and could not live upon his office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was religious in his *Poverty*, concludes it with a propoſal which was reliſhed by all the good men who were now grown *rich* as well as himſelf, that they ſhould carry *Plutus* in a ſolemn proceſſion to the temple, and inſtall him in the place of *Jupiter*. This allegory inſtructed the *Athenians* in two points, firſt, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary diſtributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it ſhewed the great tendency of *Riches* to corrupt the morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them. C

No. 594. Wednesday, September 15.

——————Absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 18.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem:
That man's a knave; be sure beware of him.

CREECH.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those *calumnies* and *reproaches* which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation

of wit, a vanity of being thought in the ſecrets of the world, or from a deſire of gratifying any of theſe diſpoſitions of mind in thoſe perſons with whom we converſe.

The publiſher of *Scandal* is more or leſs odious to mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe reports, he ought to conſider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the perſon at whom they are aimed. The injury is the ſame, tho' the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himſelf with too much indulgence, when he paſſes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and at the ſame time, ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and ſearch into his own heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil diſpoſition of mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, Let him conſider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured ſide.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into *slander* and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of *Scandal*, and consequently the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the *reproaches* which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of *Thales*, *Falshood is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes*: By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the report of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbé *de la Trappe*, as they are published in a little *French* book.

The

The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of baſe or criminal actions; to turn off all ſuch diſcourſe if poſſible; but in caſe they hear any thing of this nature ſo well atteſted that they cannot diſbelieve it, they are then to ſuppoſe, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to ſuppoſe, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man ſhould examine his heart whether he does not find in it a ſecret inclination to propagate ſuch reports, as tend to the diſreputation of another.

When the diſeaſe of the mind, which I have hitherto been ſpeaking of, ariſes to this degree of malignity, it diſcovers itſelf in its worſt ſymptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt upon the guilt in this laſt particular, which every one cannot but diſapprove, who is not void of humanity, or even common diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that whatever pleaſure any man may take in ſpreading whiſpers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater ſatisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the ſecret die within his own breaſt.

Thurſday,

No. 103. Thurſday, June 28.

---------- Sibi quivis
Speret idem, fruſtra ſudet, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem-------- Hor. Ars Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
ROSCOMMON.

MY friend the divine having been uſed with words of complaiſance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only ſpoken of him, and that in his abſence) was ſo extremely offended with the exceſſive way of ſpeaking civilities among us, that he made a diſcourſe againſt it at the club; which he concluded with this remark, that he had not heard one compliment made in our ſociety ſince its commencement. Every one was pleaſed with his concluſion; and as each knew his good-will to the reſt, he was convinced that the many proffeſſions of kindneſs and ſervice, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a proſtitution of ſpeech, ſeldom intended to mean any part of what they expreſs, never to mean all they expreſs. Our reverend friend, upon this topick, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this

ſubject

ſubject in the firſt ſermon of the firſt volume of the late Archbiſhop's poſthumous works. I do not know that ever I read any thing that pleaſed me more, and as it is the praiſe of *Longinus*, that he ſpeaks of the ſublime in a ſtile ſuitable to it, ſo one may ſay of this author upon *Sincerity*, that he abhors any pomp of rhetorick on this occaſion, and treats it with a more than ordinary ſimplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himſelf does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profeſſion, a fault, which by the leaſt liberty and warmth of expreſſion would be the moſt lively wit and ſatire? But his heart was better diſpoſed, and the good man chaſtiſed the great wit in ſuch a manner, that he was able to ſpeak as follows.

'----Amongſt too many other inſtances of the 'great corruption and degeneracy of the age where-'in we live, the great and general want of *Sincerity* in 'converſation is none of the leaſt. The world is grown 'ſo full of diſſimulation and compliment, that men's 'words are hardly any ſignification of their thoughts; 'and if any man meaſure his words by his heart, and 'ſpeak as he thinks, and do not expreſs more kindneſs 'to every man, than men uſually have for any man, 'he can hardly eſcape the cenſure of want of breed-'ing. The old *Engliſh* plainneſs and *Sincerity*, that 'generous integrity of nature, and honeſty of diſ-'poſition, which always argues true greatneſs of mind, 'and is uſually accompanied with undaunted courage 'and reſolution, is in a great meaſure loſt amongſt

'us:

'us: There hath been a long endeavour to transform 'us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring 'us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our 'neighbours in some of the worst of their qualities. 'The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swell-'ed with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited '(as I may say) of expressions of kindness and res-'pect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago 'should return into the world again he would really 'want a dictionary to help him to understand his own 'language, and to know the true intrinsic value of 'the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first be-'lieve at what a low rate the highest strains and ex-'pressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass 'in current payment: and when he should come to 'understand it, it would be a great while before he 'could bring himself with a good countenance and 'a good conscience to converse with men upon equal 'terms, and in their own way.

'And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should 'more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear 'what solemn expressions of respect and kindness will 'pass between men, almost upon no occasion; how 'great honour and esteem they will declare for one 'whom perhaps they never saw before, and how en-'tirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his ser-'vice and interest, for no reason; how infinitely and 'eternally obliged to him for no benefit; and how 'extremely they will be concerned for him, yea and 'afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in jus-

'tification

'tification of this hollow kind of converſation, that 'there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but 'the matter is well enough, ſo long as we underſtand 'one another; *et verba valent ut nummi, words are 'like money*; and when the current value of them is 'generally underſtood, no man is cheated by them. 'This is ſomething, if ſuch words were any thing; 'but being brought into the accompt, they are 'mere cyphers. However, it is ſtill a juſt matter of 'complaint, that *Sincerity* and plainneſs are out of 'faſhion, and that our language is running into a lye; 'that men have almoſt quite perverted the uſe of 'ſpeech, and made words to ſignify nothing, that 'the greateſt part of the converſation of mankind is 'little elſe but driving a trade of diſſimulation; in-'ſomuch that it would make a man heartily ſick and 'weary of the world, to ſee the little *Sincerity* that 'is in uſe and prctice among men.

When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanſwerably againſt it, in words and thoughts ſo natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himſelf could have been the author of them.

'If the ſhow of any thing be good for any thing, 'I am ſure *Sincerity* is better: for why does any man 'diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but 'becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as 'he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, 'is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. 'Now the beſt way in the world to ſeem to be any

'thing

'thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. 'Beſides, that it is many times as troubleſome to make 'good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; 'and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is 'diſcovered to want it; and then all his pains and la-'bour is loſt.

In another part of the ſame diſcourſe he goes on to ſhew, that all artifice muſt naturally tend to the diſappointment of him that practiſes it.

'Whatſoever convenience may be thought to be 'in *falſhood* and *diſſimulation*, it is ſoon over; but 'the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings 'a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo 'that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor 'truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly. When a 'man hath once forfeited the reputation of his inte-'grity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his 'turn, neither truth nor falſhood. R

Monday,

No. 557. Monday, June 21,

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyrioſque bilingues.
Virg. Æn. 1. v. 665,

He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

THERE *is nothing*, ſays *Plato*, *ſo delightful, as the hearing or the ſpeaking of truth.* For this reaſon there is no converſation ſo agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and ſpeaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following paſſage related by *Plutarch*. As an advocate was pleading the cauſe of his client before one of the *Prætors*, he could only produce a ſingle witneſs in the point where the law required the teſtimony of two perſons; upon which the advocate inſiſted on the integrity of that perſon whom he had produced; but the *Prætor* told him, that where the law required two witneſſes he would not accept of one, tho' it was *Cato* himſelf. Such a ſpeech from a perſon who ſat at the head of a court of juſtice, while *Cato* was ſtill living, ſhews us, more than a thouſand examples, the high reputation this

this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his *Sincerity*.

When ſuch an inflexible integrity is a little ſoftned and qualified by the rules of converſation and good-breeding, there is not a more ſhining virtue in the whole catalogue of ſocial duties. A man however ought to take care not to poliſh himſelf out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This ſubject is exquiſitely treated in the moſt elegant ſermon of the great *Britiſh* preacher. I ſhall beg leave to tranſcribe out of it two or three ſentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I ſhall make the chief entertainment of this ſpeculation.

'The old *Engliſh* plainneſs and *Sincerity*, that generous integrity of nature, and honeſty of diſpoſition, which always argues true greatneſs of mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted courage and reſolution, is in a great meaſure loſt among us.

'The dialect of converſation is now-a-days ſo ſwelled with vanity and compliment, and ſo ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of expreſſions of kindneſs and reſpect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago ſhould return into the world again, he really would want a dictionary to help him to underſtand his own language, and to know the true intrinſic value of the phraſe in faſhion; and would hardly, at firſt, believe at what a low rate the higheſt ſtrains

and

'and expreſſions of kindneſs imaginable do com-
'monly paſs in current payment; and when he
'ſhould come to underſtand it, it would be a great
'while before he could bring himſelf, with a good
'countenance and a good conſcience, to converſe
'with men upon equal terms and in their own way.

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curioſity, and which may ſerve as an exemplification to the foregoing paſſage, cited out of this moſt excellent prelate. It is ſaid to have been written in King *Charles* II's reign by the amabaſſor of *Bantam*, a little after his arrival in *England*.

Maſter,

'THE people, where I now am, have tongues
'further from their hearts than from *London*
'to *Bantam*, and thou knoweſt the inhabitants of
'one of theſe places do not know what is done in
'the other. They call thee and thy ſubjects bar-
'barians, becauſe we ſpeak what we mean; and ac-
'count themſelves civilized people, becauſe they
'ſpeak one thing and mean another: Truth they
'call barbarity, and falſhood politeneſs. Upon my
'firſt landing, one who was ſent from the king of
'this place to meet me, told me, *That he was ex-*
'*tremely ſorry for the ſtorm I had met with juſt be-*
'*fore my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve
'and afflict himſelf upon my account; but in leſs
'than a quarter of an hour he ſmiled, and was as
'merry as if nothing had happened. Another who

'came

'came with him told me by my interpreter, *He 'should be glad to do me any service that lay in his 'power.* Upon which I desired him to carry one 'of my portmantuas for me; but instead of serving 'me according to his promise, he laughed and bid 'another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the 'house of one who desired me *to think myself at home 'and to consider his house as my own.* Accordingly, I 'the next morning began to knock down one of 'the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and 'had packed up some of the household-goods, of 'which I intended to have made thee a present; 'but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to 'work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, 'for that he would have no such doings in his house. 'I had not been long in this nation, before I was 'told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour 'from the chief of the king's servants, whom they 'here call the lord-treasurer, that I had *eternally 'obliged him.* I was so surprised at his gratitude, that 'I could not forbear saying, what service is there 'which one man can do for another, that can oblige 'him to all eternity! However I only asked him, 'for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest 'daughter during my stay in this country; but I 'quickly found that he was as treacherous as the 'rest of his countrymen.

'At my first going to court, one of the great men 'almost put me out of countenance, by asking *ten 'thousand pardons* of me for only treading by acci-

'dent

'dent upon my toe. They call this kind of a lye a 'compliment; for when they are civil to a great 'man, they tell him untruths, for which thou would-'eſt order any of thy officers of ſtate to receive a 'hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how 'I ſhall negociate any thing with this people, ſince 'there is ſo little credit to be given to them. When 'I go to ſee the King's ſcribe, I am generally told 'that he is not at home, though perhaps I ſaw him 'go into his houſe almoſt the very moment before. 'Thou wouldeſt fancy that the whole nation are 'phyſicians, for the firſt queſtion they always aſk me, 'is, *how I do?* I have this queſtion put to me above 'a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only 'thus inquiſitive after my health, but wiſh it in a 'more ſolemn manner, with a full glaſs in their 'hands, every time I ſit with them at table, though 'at the ſame time they would perſuade me to drink 'their liquor in ſuch quantities as I have found by 'experience will make me ſick. They often pretend 'to pray for thy health alſo in the ſame manner; but 'I have more reaſon to expect it from the goodneſs 'of thy conſtitution, than the *Sincerity* of their wiſh-'es. May thy ſlave eſcape in ſafety from this double-'tongued race of men, and live to lay himſelf once 'more at thy feet in the royal city of *Bantam*. O

Wedneſday,

No. 576. Wedneſday, Auguſt 4.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera, vincit
Impetus; & rapido contrarius evehor orbi.

Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 72.

I ſteer againſt their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the ſky.

ADDISON.

I Remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a ſprightly turn in converſation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate deſire of appearing faſhionable. This ran him into many amours, and conſequently into many diſtempers. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, becauſe he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a conſtable, to ſignalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and ſo improved in them his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be ſhort, after having fully eſtabliſhed his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into ſo many errors and inconveniences, as the deſire of not

not appearing *ſingular*; for which reaſon it is very neceſſary to form a right idea of *Singularity*, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the firſt place, every man of ſenſe will agree with me, that *Singularity* is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conſcience, morality, and honour. In theſe caſes we ought to conſider, that it is not cuſtom, but duty which is the rule of action; and that we ſhould be only ſo far ſociable, as we are reaſonable creatures. Truth is never the leſs ſo, for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. *Singularity* in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroick bravery, in which a man leaves the ſpecies only as he ſoars above it. What greater inſtance can there be of a weak and puſillanimous temper, than for a man to paſs his whole life in oppoſition to his own ſentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reaſon, or when it puts them upon diſtinguiſhing themſelves by trifles. As for the firſt of theſe, who are *ſingular* in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or diſhonourable, I believe every one will eaſily give them up. I ſhall therefore ſpeak of thoſe only who are remarkable for their *Singularity* in things of no importance, as in dreſs, behaviour, converſation, and all the little intercourſes of life. In theſe caſes there is a certain deference

due to cuſtom; and notwithſtanding there may be a colour of reaſon to deviate from the multitude in ſome particulars, a man ought to ſacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It muſt be confeſſed that good ſenſe often makes a humouriſt; but then it unqualifies him for being of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to perſons of a much inferior underſtanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of *England*, who was a remarkable inſtance of this fooliſh *Singularity*. He had laid it down as a rule within himſelf, to act in the moſt indifferent parts of life according to the moſt abſtracted notions of reaſon and good ſenſe, without any regard to faſhion or example. This humour broke out at firſt in many little oddneſſes: He had never any ſtated hours for his dinner, ſupper or ſleep; becauſe, ſaid he, we ought to attend the calls of nature and not ſet our appetites to our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his converſation with country gentlemen, he would not make uſe of a phraſe that was not ſtrictly true; He never told any of them, that he was his humble ſervant, but that he was his well-wiſher; and would rather be thought a malecontent, than drink the king's health when he was not a-dry. He would thruſt his head out of his chamber window every morning, and after having gaped for freſh air about half an hour, repeat about fifty verſes as loud as he could bawl them for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek*

tongue,

tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a periwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholsome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards very judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in our *English* dress must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the *Hussars*. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his estate; but the judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur *Fontenelle's* dialogues of the dead. *The ambitious and the covetous* (says he) *are madmen to all intents and purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatick, is a frenzy* hors

d'œuvre; that is, in other words, ſomething which is *ſingular* in its kind, and does not fall in with the madneſs of a multitude.

No. 7. Thurſday, March 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 208.

Viſions, and magic ſpells, can you deſpiſe,
And laugh at witches, ghoſts, and prodigies?

GOING yeſterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon aſking him the occaſion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a ſtrange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended ſome misfortune to themſelves or to their children. At her coming into the room I obſerved a ſettled melancholy in her countenance, which I ſhould have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no ſooner ſat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, (ſays ſhe, turning to her huſband) *you may now ſee the ſtranger that was in the candle laſt night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thurſday*. Thurſday,

(ſays

(ſays ſhe) *no, child, if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your writing-maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough.* I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule to loſe a day in every week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little ſalt upon the point of my knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a diſaſter upon the family. The lady however recovering herſelf after a little ſpace, ſaid to her huſband, with a ſigh, *My dear, misfortunes never come ſingle.* My friend, I found, acted but an under-part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humours of his yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, child,* (ſays ſhe) *that the pigeon-houſe fell the very afternoon that our careleſs wench ſpilt the ſalt upon the table? Yes,* (ſays he) *My dear, and the next poſt brought us an account of the battle of* Almanza. The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the lady ſeeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate,

deſired

desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary *Superstition* in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, tho' I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evil that attended those *superstitious* follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable,

which

which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognoſticks. A ruſty nail, or a crooked pin, ſhoots up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt aſſembly, that was full of noiſe and mirth, when on a ſudden an old woman unluckily obſerved there were thirteen of us in company. This remark ſtruck a panick terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and prophefies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are

natural

to the ſoul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wiſe men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of philoſophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of *Superſtition*.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my ſoul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind, and that is, by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity. He ſees, at one view, the whole thread of my exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and queſtion not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death, I am

to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them. C

No. 172. Monday. September 17.

Non ſolùm ſcientia, quæ eſt remota à juſtitia, calliditas potiùs quàm ſapientia eſt appellanda; verùm etiam animus paratus ad periculum, ſi ſuâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, audaciæ potiùs nomen habeat, quàm fortitudinis--- Plato apud Tull.

As knowledge, without juſtice, ought to be called cunning, rather than wiſdom; ſo a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerneſs, and not the publick good, deſerves the name of audacity, rather than of courage.

THERE can be no greater injury to human ſociety, than that good *Talents* among men ſhould be held honourable to thoſe who are endowed with them, without any regard how they are applied. The *gifts* of *nature* and *accompliſhments* of art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the intereſts of virtue, or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abſtract our minds from the obſervation of an excellence in thoſe we converſe with, till we have taken ſome notice, or received ſome good information of the diſpoſition of their minds; otherwiſe the

beauty of their perſons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of thoſe whom our reaſon and judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we ſuffer ourſelves to be thus carried away by mere beauty, or mere wit, *Omniamante*, with all her vice, will bear away as much of our good-will as the moſt innocent virgin or diſcreet matron; and there cannot be a more abject ſlavery in this world, than to dote upon what we think we ought to condemn: Yet this muſt be our condition in all the parts of life, if we ſuffer ourſelves to approve any thing but what tends to the promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true pains with ourſelves to conſider all things by the light of reaſon and juſtice, tho' a man were in the height of youth and amorous inclinations, he would look upon a coquette with the ſame contempt or indifference as he would upon a coxcomb: The wanton carriage in a woman would diſappoint her of the admiration which ſhe aims at; and the vain dreſs or diſcourſe of a man would deſtroy the comelineſs of his ſhape, or goodneſs of his underſtanding. I ſay the goodneſs of his underſtanding, for it is no leſs common to ſee men of ſenſe commence coxcombs, than beautiful women become immodeſt. When this happens in either, the favour we are naturally inclined to give to the *good qualities* they have from *nature* ſhould abate in proportion. But however juſt it is to meaſure the value of men by the application of their *Talents*, and not by the eminence of thoſe *qualities* abſtracted from their

uſe;

uſe; I ſay, however juſt ſuch a way of judging is, in all ages as well as this, the contrary has prevailed upon the generality of mankind. How many lewd devices have been preſerved from one age to another, which had periſhed as ſoon as they were made, if painters and ſculptors had been eſteemed as much for the purpoſe as the execution of their deſigns? Modeſt and well-governed imaginations have by this means loſt the repreſentations of ten thouſand charming portraitures, filled with images of innate truth, generous zeal, courageous faith, and tender humanity; inſtead of which, ſatyrs, furies, and monſters are recommended by thoſe arts to a ſhameful eternity.

The unjuſt application of laudable *Talents*, is tolerated, in the general opinion of men, not only in ſuch caſes as are here mentioned, but alſo in matters which concern ordinary life. If a lawyer were to be eſteemed only as he uſes his parts in contending for juſtice, and were immediately deſpicable when he appeared in a cauſe which he could not but know was an unjuſt one, how honourable would his character be? And how honourable is it in ſuch among us, who follow the profeſſion no otherwiſe, than as labouring to protect the injured, to ſubdue the oppreſſor, to impriſon the careleſs debtor, and do right to the painful artificer? But many of this excellent character are overlooked by the greater number; who affect covering a weak place in a client's title, diverting the courſe of an inquiry, or finding a ſkilful refuge to palliate a falſhood: Yet it is ſtill called eloquence in the latter,

though thus unjuſtly employed: But reſolution in an aſſaſſin is according to reaſon quite as laudable, as knowledge and wiſdom exerciſed in the defence of an ill cauſe.

Were the intention ſtedfaſtly conſidered, as the meaſure of approbation, all falſhood would ſoon be out of countenance: and an addreſs in impoſing upon mankind, would be as contemptible in one ſtate of life as another. A couple of courtiers making profeſſions of eſteem, would make the ſame figure after breach of promiſe, as two knights of the poſt convicted of perjury. But converſation is fallen ſo low in point of morality, that as they ſay in a bargain, *Let the buyer look to it*; ſo in friendſhip, he is the man in danger who is moſt apt to believe: He is the more like to ſuffer in the commerce, who begins with the obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But thoſe men only are truly great, who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themſelves the conſcience of worthy enterprizes, than in the proſpect of glory which attends them. Theſe exalted ſpirits would rather be ſecretly the authors of events which are ſerviceable to mankind, than, without being ſuch, to have the public fame of it. Where therefore an eminent merit is robbed by artifice or detraction, it does but increaſe by ſuch endeavours of its enemies: The impotent pains which are taken to ſully it, or diffuſe it among a crowd to the injury of a ſingle perſon, will naturally produce the contrary effect; the firſt will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to ſmother what they cannot extinguiſh. There

There is but one thing neceſſary to keep the poſſeſſion of true glory, which is, to hear the oppoſers of it with patience, and preſerve the virtue by which it was acquired. When a man is thoroughly perſuaded that he ought neither to admire, wiſh for, or purſue any thing but what is exactly his duty, it is not in the power of ſeaſons, perſons or accidents, to diminiſh his value. He only is a great man who can neglect the applauſe of the multitude, and enjoy himſelf independent of its favour. This is indeed an arduous taſk; but it ſhould comfort a glorious ſpirit that it is the higheſt ſtep to which human nature can arrive. Triumph, applauſe, acclamation, are dear to the mind of man; but it is ſtill a more exquiſite delight to ſay to yourſelf, you have done well, than to hear the whole human race pronounce you glorious, except you yourſelf can join with them in your own reflections. A mind thus equal and uniform may be deſerted by little faſhionable admirers and followers, but will ever be had in reverence by ſouls like itſelf. The branches of the oak endure all the ſeaſons of the year, though its leaves fall off in autumn; and theſe too will be reſtored with the returning ſpring. T

Saturday,

No. 195. Saturday, October 13.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ.
Hes. Oper. & Dier. l. 1. v. 40.

Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
Nor the great bleſſings of a frugal board!

THERE is a ſtory in the *Arabian Nights Tales* of a king who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: He took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the ſultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe *rightly prepared* inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: When, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the ſultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern

allegory

allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic. I have deſcribed in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general ſtructure and mechaniſm of an human body, how abſolutely neceſſary exerciſe is for its preſervation: I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am ſpeaking of is *Temperance*, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himſelf, without interruption to buſineſs, expence of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, *Temperance* prevents them; if exerciſe clears the veſſels, *Temperance* neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, *Temperance* gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her force and vigour; if exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper, *Temperance* ſtarves it.

Phyſic, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſubſtitute of exerciſe or *Temperance*. Medicines are abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtruments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſe

courſe of exerciſe and *Temperance*, there would be but little occaſion for them. Acccordingly we find that thoſe parts of the world are the moſt healthy, where they ſubſiſt by the chaſe: and that men lived longeſt when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering, cupping, bleeding, are ſeldom of uſe but to the idle and *intemperate*; as all thoſe inward applications which are ſo much in practice among us, are for the moſt part nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury conſiſtent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is ſaid of *Diogenes* that meeting a young man who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the maſter of a family mad, and have begged his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinegar, wines and ſpices: throw down ſalads of twenty different herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments muſt ſuch a medly of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I ſee gouts and dropſies, fevers and lethargies

thargies, with other innumerable diſtempers lying in abuſcade among the diſhes.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry or a muſhroom, can eſcape him.

It is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for *Temperance*, becauſe what is luxury in one may be *Temperance* in another: but there are few who have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my readers as my patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of *Temperance* as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. *Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, till you have finiſhed your meal: at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple.* A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe, there would be no variety of taſtes to ſolicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond, any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be

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formed upon a ſaying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an opportunity of extricating herſelf from her oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of her diſtended veſſels: Beſides that abſtinence well timed often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or three ancient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during that great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; I ſay notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, which thoſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted *Temperance* which he always obſerved.

And here I cannot but mention an obſervation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philoſophers, and comparing them with any ſeries of kings or great men of the ſame number. If we conſider theſe ancient ſages, a great part of whoſe philoſophy conſiſted in a *temperate* and abſtemious courſe of life,

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one would think the life of a philoſopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of theſe wiſe men were nearer an hundred than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpective deaths. But the moſt remarkable inſtance of the efficacy of *Temperance* towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book publiſhed by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambaſſador, who was of the ſame family, atteſted more than once in converſation, when he reſided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the author of the little treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm conſtitution, until about forty, when by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact courſe of *Temperence*, he recovered a perfect ſtate of health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his book, which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh* under the title of *Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life*. He lived to give a 3d or 4th edition of it, and after having paſſed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls aſleep. The treatiſe I mention has been taken notice of by ſeveral eminent authors, and is written with ſuch a ſpirit of chearfulneſs, religion, and good ſenſe, as are the natural concomitants of *Temperance* and ſobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a diſcredit to it. L

Friday,

No. 374. Friday, May 9.

Nil actum reputans ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.
Luc. Lib. 2. v. 657.

He reckons not the paſt, while ought remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd. Rowe.

THERE is a fault, which, tho' common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procraſtination: As we loſe the preſent hour by delaying from day to day, what we ought to do immediately; ſo moſt of us take occaſion to ſit ſtill and throw away the *Time* in our poſſeſſion, by retroſpect on what is paſt, imagining we have already acquitted ourſelves and eſtabliſhed our characters in the ſight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourſelves for what we have already done, any further than to explain ourſelves in order to aſſiſt our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our preſent induſtry. The great rule, methinks, ſhould be to manage the inſtant in which we ſtand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's reſpective circumſtances. If our paſt reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own ſevere reflections ſo effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiſeworthy, the memory of them is of no uſe but to act ſuitably to them. Thus a good preſent behaviour

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is an implicit repentance for any miſcarriage in what is paſt; but preſent ſlackneſs will not make up for paſt activity. *Time* has ſwallowed up all that we contemporaries did yeſterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what ſhall we do to-day, to-day, which paſſes while we are yet ſpeaking? Shall we remember the folly of laſt night, or reſolve upon the exerciſe of virtue to-morrow? Laſt night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive: This inſtant make uſe of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you viſit a ſick friend? Will it revive him to ſee you enter, and ſuſpend your own eaſe and pleaſure to comfort his weakneſs, and hear the impertinencies of a wretch in pain: Don't ſtay to take coach, but be gone. Your miſtreſs will bring ſorrow, and your bottle madneſs: Go to neither ------ Such virtues and diverſions as theſe are mentioned becauſe they occur to all men: But every man is ſufficiently convinced, that to ſuſpend the uſe of the preſent moment, and reſolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to conſider, was the miſchief of ſetting ſuch a value upon what is paſt, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the higheſt dignity till yeſterday, and to begin to live only to himſelf to-day, he muſt expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be conſidered as the man who died yeſterday. The man, who diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the reſt,

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ſtands in a preſs of people; thoſe before him intercept his progreſs, and thoſe behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæſar*, of whom it was ſaid, *that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greateſt exploits, without aſſuming to himſelf a privilege of taking reſt upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what ſcenes he paſſed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in caſe they ſhould be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was paſt. I ſhall produce two fragments of his, to demonſtrate, that it was his rule of life to ſupport himſelf rather by that which he ſhould perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the ſame year in which he obtained the battle of *Pharſalia*, there were found theſe looſe notes for his own conduct: It is ſuppoſed, by the circumſtances they alluded to, that they might be ſet down the evening of the ſame night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory muſt 'be ſuſtained by the uſe I make of this victory; 'otherwiſe my loſs will be greater than that of '*Pompey*. Our perſonal reputation will riſe or fall 'as we bear our reſpective fortunes. All my pri-'vate enemies among the priſoners ſhall be ſpared. 'I will forget this, in order to obtain ſuch another 'day. *Trebutius* is aſhamed to ſee me: I will go

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'to his tent and be reconciled in private. Give all 'the men of honour who take part with me the terms 'I offered before the battle. Let them owe this 'to their friends who have been long in my intereſts. 'Power is weakned by the full uſe of it, but extend- 'ed by moderation. *Galbinius* is proud, and will 'be ſervile in his preſent fortune; let him wait. 'Send for *Stertinius*: He is modeſt, and his virtue 'is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with 'reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to- 'morrow. He is a popular general whocan expoſe 'himſelf like a private man during a battle; but 'he is more popular who can rejoice butlike a pri- 'vate man after a victory.

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to induſtry in the purſuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily ſolicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itſelf in ſecurity, and given itſelf a looſe to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great inſtance of his temper, I muſt confeſs I am more taken with his reflections, when he retired to his cloſet in ſome diſturbance upon the repeated ill omens of *Calphurnia*'s dream the night before his death. The literal tranſlation of that fragment ſhall conclude this paper.

'Be it ſo then. If I am to die to-morrow, that 'is what am I to do to-morrow: It will not be 'then, becauſe I am willing it ſhould be then; nor 'ſhall I eſcape it, becauſe I am unwilling. It is in

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'the gods when, but in myſelf how I ſhall die. If 'Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigeſtion, 'how ſhall I behold the day after to-morrow? If 'they are from the gods, their admonition is not to 'prepare me to eſcape from their decree, but to 'meet it. I have lived to a fulneſs of days and of 'glory: what is there that *Cæſar* has not done with 'as much honour as ancient heroes? *Cæſar* has 'not yet died; *Cæſar* is prepared to die, T

No. 243. Saturday, December 8.

Formam quidem ipſam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem honeſti vides: quæ ſi oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret ſapientiæ. Tull. Offic.

You ſee, my ſon Marcus, *the very ſhape and countenance as it were, of* Virtue; *which, if it could be made the object of ſight, would (as* Plato *ſays) excite in us a wonderful love of wiſdom.*

I Do not remember to have read any diſcourſe written expreſsly upon the beauty and lovelineſs of *Virtue*, without conſidering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I deſign therefore this ſpeculation as an eſſay upon that ſubject, in which I ſhall conſider *Virtue* no farther than as it is in itſelf of an amiable nature, after having premiſed, that I underſtand by the word *Virtue* ſuch

ſuch a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of religion, and by men of the world under the name of honour.

Hypocriſy itſelf does great honour, or rather juſtice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at ſo much pains as to put on the appearance of *Virtue*, if he did not know it was the moſt proper and effectual means to gain the love and eſteem of mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common ſaying among the heathens, that *the wiſe man hates nobody, but only loves the* virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to ſhew how amiable *Virtue* is. We love a *virtuous* man, ſays he, who lives in the remoteſt part of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his *Virtue*, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay one who died ſeveral ages ago, raiſes a ſecret fondneſs and benevolence for him in our minds when we read his ſtory: Nay what is ſtill more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by juſtice and humanity, as in the inſtance of *Pyrrhus*, whom *Tully* mentions on this occaſion in oppoſition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural beauty and lovelineſs of *Virtue*.

Stoiciſm, which was the pedantry of *Virtue*, aſcribes all good qualifications, of what kind ſoever, to the *virtuous* man. Accordingly *Cato*, in the character

Tully has left of him, carried matters ſo far, that he would not allow any one but a *virtuous* man to be handſome. This indeed looks more like a philoſophical rant than the real opinion of a wiſe man; yet this was what *Cato* very ſeriouſly maintained. In ſhort, the Stoicks thought they could not ſufficiently repreſent the excellence of *Virtue*, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all poſſible perfections, and therefore did not only ſuppoſe, that it was tranſcendently beautiful in itſelf, but that it made the very body amiable, and baniſhed every kind of deformity from the perſon in whom it reſided.

It is a common obſervation, that the moſt abandoned to all ſenſe of goodneſs, are apt to wiſh thoſe who are related to them of a different character; and it is very obſervable, that none are more ſtruck with the charms of *Virtue* in the fair ſex, than thoſe who by their very admiration of it are carried to a deſire of ruining it.

A *virtuous* mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful ſex all over charms.

As *Virtue* in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are ſome particular kinds of it which are more ſo than others, and theſe are ſuch as diſpoſe us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abſtinence, faith and devotion, are in themſelves perhaps as laudable as any other *Virtues*; but thoſe which make a man popular and beloved, are juſtice, charity, munificence, and, in ſhort, all the good qualities that

that render us beneficial to each other. For which reaſon, even an extravagant man, who has nothing elſe to recommend him but a falſe generoſity, is often more beloved and eſteemed than a perſon of a much more finiſhed character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of *Virtue*, which ſhew her in the moſt advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are chearfulneſs and good-nature.

Theſe generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not eaſy within himſelf. They are both very requiſite in a *virtuous* mind, to keep out melancholy from the many ſerious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from ſouring into ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs.

If *Virtue* is of this amiable nature, what can we think of thoſe who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can ſuffer their averſion for a party to blot out all the merit of the perſon who is engaged in it. A man muſt be exceſſively ſtupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no *Virtue* but on his own ſide, and that there are not men as honeſt as himſelf who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppoſe one another in ſome particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to thoſe qualities which are of ſo amiable a nature in themſelves, and have nothing to do with the points in diſpute. Men of *Virtue* though of different intereſts, ought to conſider themſelves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious

part of mankind, who embark with them in the ſame civil concerns. We ſhould bear the ſame love towards a man of honour, who is a living antagoniſt, which *Tully* tells us, in the forementioned paſſage, every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In ſhort, we ſhould eſteem *Virtue* though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I ſpeak this with an eye to thoſe cruel treatments which men of all ſides are apt to give the characters of thoſe who do not agree with them. How many perſons of undoubted probity, and exemplary *Virtue* on either ſide, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour expoſed to publick obliquy and reproach? Thoſe therefore who are either the inſtruments or abettors in ſuch infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as perſons who made uſe of religion to promote their cauſe, not of their cauſe to promote religion. C

Saturday,

No. 375. Saturday, May 10.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet.

Hor. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 45.

We barbarouſly call them bleſt,
Who are of largeſt tenements poſſeſt,
While ſwelling coffers break their owner's reſt.
More truly happy thoſe, who can
Govern that little empire man:
Who ſpend their treaſure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n:
Who, in a fix'd, unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And ſcorn alike her friendſhip and her hate:
Who poiſon leſs than falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe life ſo dear. STEPNEY.

I Have more than once had occaſion to mention a noble ſaying of *Seneca* the philoſopher, that a *virtuous* perſon ſtruggling with misfortunes, and riſing above them, is an object on which the gods themſelves may look down with delight. I ſhall therefore

fore ſet before my reader a ſcene of this kind of *diſtreſs* in private life, for the ſpeculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good faſhion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs reduced to a low condition. There is a modeſty uſually attending faultleſs poverty, which made him rather chooſe to reduce his manner of living to his preſent circumſtances, than ſolicit his friends in order to ſupport the ſhew of an eſtate when the ſubſtance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of ſenſe and *Virtue*, behaved herſelf on this occaſion with uncommon decency, and never appeared ſo amiable in his eyes as now. Inſtead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune ſhe had brought, or the many great offers ſhe had refuſed for his ſake, ſhe redoubled all the inſtances of her affection, while her huſband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the beſt woman in the world. He ſometimes came home at a time when ſhe did not expect him, and ſurpriſed her in tears, which ſhe endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of chearfulneſs to receive him. To leſſen their expence, their eldeſt daughter, (whom I ſhall call *Amanda*) was ſent into the country, to the houſe of an honeſt farmer, who had married a ſervant from the family. This young woman was apprehenſive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what paſſed from time to time in her father's affairs.

Amanda

Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's houſe as he followed his country ſports, fell paſſionately in love with her. He was a man of great generoſity, but from a looſe education had contracted a hearty averſion to marriage. He therefore entertained a deſign upon *Amanda*'s *Virtue*, which at preſent he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never ſuſpected his intentions, was pleaſed with his perſon; and having obſerved his growing paſſion for her, hoped by ſo advantageous a match ſhe might quickly be in a capacity of ſupporting her impoveriſhed relations. One day as he called to ſee her, he found her in tears over a letter ſhe had juſt received from her friends, which gave an account that her father had lately been ſtripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with ſome difficulty found out the cauſe of her grief, took this occaſion to make her a propoſal. It is impoſſible to expreſs *Amanda*'s confuſion when ſhe found his pretenſions were not honourable. She was now deſerted by all her hopes, and had no power to ſpeak; but ruſhing from him in the utmoſt diſturbance, locked herſelf up in her chamber. He immediately diſpatched a meſſenger to her father with the following letter.

SIR,

'I Have heard of your misfortune, and have offered 'your daughter, if ſhe will live with me, to ſettle 'on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay 'down the ſum for which you are now diſtreſſed. I

'will

'will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not in-
'tend marriage: But if you are wise, you will use
'your authority with her not to be too nice, when
'she has an opportunity of saving you and your fa-
'mily, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This letter came to the hands of *Amanda*'s mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows.

Dearest Child,

'YOUR father and I have just now received a
'letter from a gentleman who pretends love to
'you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes,
'and would throw us to a lower degree of misery
'than any thing which is come upon us. How could
'this barbarous man think that the tenderest of par-
'ents would be tempted to supply their want by
'giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin?
'It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this propo-
'sal at a time when he thinks our necessities must
'compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the
'bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not
'to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid
'for thy *Virtue*. Beware of pitying us: It is not so
'bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will
'yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.
'I have been interrupted. I know not how I was
'moved

'moved to ſay things would mend. As I was going
'on I was ſtartled by a noiſe of one that knocked at
'the door, and hath brought us an unexpected ſup-
'ply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I
'will tell thee all. It is ſome days I have lived almoſt
'without ſupport; having conveyed what little mo-
'ney I could raiſe to your poor father---Thou wilt
'weep to think where he is, yet be aſſured he will be
'ſoon at liberty. That cruel letter would have
'broken his heart, but I have concealed it from him.
'I have no companion at preſent beſides little *Fanny*,
'who ſtands watching my looks as I write, and is
'crying for her ſiſter: She ſays ſhe is ſure you are
'not well, having diſcovered that my preſent trou-
'ble is about you. But do not think I would thus re-
'peat my ſorrows, to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat
'thee not to make them inſupportable, by adding
'what would be worſe than all. Let us bear chear-
'fully an affliction, which we have not brought on
'ourſelves, and remember there is a power who can
'better deliver us out of it, than by the loſs of thy
'innocence. Heaven preſerve my dear child.

Thy affectionate mother----.---

The meſſenger, notwithſtanding he promiſed to deliver this letter to *Amanda*, carried it firſt to his maſter, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himſelf. His maſter was impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to ſee the contents. He was not a little moved at ſo

true a picture of *Virtue in Diſtreſs*: But at the ſame time was infinitely ſurpriſed to find his offers rejected. However he reſolved not to ſuppreſs the letter, but carefully ſealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his endeavours to ſee her were in vain, till ſhe was aſſured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that ſhe would read it without leaving the room. While ſhe was peruſing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepeſt attention: Her concern gave a new ſoftneſs to her beauty, and when ſhe burſt into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her ſorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was reſolved to make reparation for having been the occaſion of it. My reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the ſecond epiſtle which he now wrote to *Amanda*'s mother.

MADAM,

'I Am full of ſhame, and will never forgive myſelf, 'if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. 'It was far from my intention to add trouble to the 'afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a 'ſtranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, 'for which, if I live, I ſhall endeavour to make you 'amends, as a ſon. You cannot be unhappy while '*Amanda* is your daughter: nor ſhall be, if any thing 'can prevent it, which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

humble ſervant.

This

This letter he ſent by his ſteward, and ſoon after went up to town himſelf to complete the generous act he had now reſolved on. By his friendſhip and aſſiſtance *Amanda*'s father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of having reſtored a worthy family to their former proſperity, and of making himſelf happy by an alliance to their *Virtues*.

No. 23. Tueſday, March 27.

Sævit atrox Volſcens, nec teli conſpicit uſquam
Auctorem, nec quò ſe ardens immittere poſſit.

Virg. Æn. 9. v. 420.

Fierce Volſcens *foams with rage, and gazing round*
Deſcry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge.-------- DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a baſe ungenerous ſpirit, than the giving of ſecret ſtabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and ſatires, that are written with *Wit* and ſpirit, are like poiſoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reaſon I am very much troubled when I ſee the talents of humour and ridicule in the poſſeſſion of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman

Wit, than to ſtir up ſorrow in the heart of a private perſon, to raiſe uneaſineſs among near relations, and to expoſe whole families to deriſion, at the ſame time that he remains unſeen and undiſcovered. If, beſides the accompliſhments of being *witty* and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the moſt miſchievous creatures that can enter into a civil ſociety. His ſatire will then chiefly fall upon thoſe who ought to be the moſt exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiſe-worthy, will be made the ſubject of ridicule and buffoonry. It is impoſſible to enumerate the evils which ariſe from theſe arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuſe that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a ſecret ſhame or ſorrow in the mind of the ſuffering perſon. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that a lampoon or ſatire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the ſame time, how many are there that would not rather loſe a conſiderable ſum of money, or even life itſelf, than to be ſet up as a mark of infamy and deriſion? and in this caſe a man ſhould conſider, that an injury is not to be meaſured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Thoſe that can put the beſt countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their ſecret anguiſh. I have often obſerved a paſſage in *Socrates*'s behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have conſidered it. That excellent man entertaining his friends, a little before

before he drank the bowl of poiſon, with a diſcourſe on the immortality of the ſoul, at his entering upon it, ſays, that he does not believe any the moſt comic genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a ſubject at ſuch a time. This paſſage, I think, evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes*, who writ a comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the diſcourſes of that divine philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of buffoonry, that he was ſeveral times preſent at its being acted upon the ſtage, and never expreſſed the leaſt reſentment of it. But with ſubmiſſion, I think the remark I have here made ſhews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impreſſion upon his mind, though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

When *Julius Cæſar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a ſupper, and treated him with ſuch a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame kind of treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous *Latin* poem. The Cardinal ſent for him, and after ſome kind expoſtulations upon what he had written, aſſured him of his eſteem, and diſmiſſed him with a promiſe of the next good abbey that ſhould fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had ſo good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the ſecond edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the paſſage which had given him offence.

Sextus

Sextus Quintus was not of ſo generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the ſtatue of *Paſquin* was one night dreſſed in a very dirty ſhirt, with an excuſe written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, becauſe his laundreſs was made a princeſs. This was a reflection upon the pope's ſiſter, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in thoſe mean circumſtances that *Paſquin* repreſented her. As this paſquinade made a great noiſe in *Rome*, the pope offered a conſiderable ſum of money to any perſon that ſhould diſcover the author of it. The author relying upon his holineſs's generoſity, as alſo on ſome private overtures which he had received from him, made the diſcovery himſelf; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promiſed, but at the ſame time, to diſable the ſatiriſt for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped of. *Aretine* is too trite an inſtance. Every one knows that all the kings in *Europe* were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boaſts that he had laid the Sophi of *Perſia* under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, theſe ſeveral great men behaved themſelves very differently towards the *Wits* of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly ſhewed that they were very ſenſible of their reproaches and conſequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never truſt a man that I thought was capable of giving

ing these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young ladies shall be exposed, for an unhappy feature. A father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is *Wit*, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man, than a *Wit*. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievious without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir *Roger L' Estrange*, which accidentally lies before me. ‘ A company of

‘ waggish

'waggiſh boys were watching of frogs at the ſide of 'a pond, and ſtill as any of 'em put up their heads, 'they'd be pelting them down again with ſtones. 'Children (ſays one of the frogs) *you never conſider 'that tho' this may be play to you, 'tis death to us.* C

No. 185. Tueſday, October 2.

——Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?

Virg. Æn. 1. v. 25.

And dwells ſuch fury in cœleſtial breaſts?

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themſelves than in what the world call *Zeal*. There are ſo many paſſions which hide themſelves under it, and ſo many miſchiefs ariſing from it, that ſome have gone ſo far as to ſay it would have been for the benefit of mankind, if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwiſe, if we conſider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however oppoſite they may be to one another, and in all the ſubdiviſions of each religion in particular.

We are told by ſome of the *Jewiſh Rabbins*, that the firſt murder was occaſioned by a religious controverſy; and if we had the whole hiſtory of *Zeal* from

from the days of *Cain* to our own times, we ſhould ſee it filled with ſo many ſcenes of ſlaughter and bloodſhed, as would make a wiſe man very careful how he ſuffers himſelf to be actuated by ſuch a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and ſpeculation.

I would have every *zealous* man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a *Zeal* for his religion, is either pride, intereſt, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, ſets himſelf above him in his own judgment, and in ſeveral particulars pretends to be the wiſer perſon. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his *Zeal*. And that this is the caſe very often, we may obſerve from the behaviour of ſome of the moſt *zealous* for orthodoxy, who have often great friendſhips and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the ſame ſcheme of belief. The reaſon is, becauſe the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Chriſtian to be the worthier perſon, at the ſame time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite paſſage which we ſee quoted in almoſt every ſyſtem of ethicks, tho' upon another occaſion,

---------- *Video meliora proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor ----------

Ovid. Met. l. 7. v. 20.

I ſee

I ſee the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue.
TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our *Zeal* were true and genuine, we ſhould be much more angry with a ſinner than a heritick; ſince there are ſeveral caſes which may excuſe the latter before the great Judge, but none which can excuſe the former.

Intereſt is likewiſe a great inflamer, and ſets a man on perſecution under the colour of *Zeal*. For this reaſon ws find none are ſo forward to promote the true worſhip by fire and ſword, as thoſe who find their preſent account in it. But I ſhall extend the word *intereſt* to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our ſpiritual ſafety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his ſide, as they ſerve to ſtrengthen him in his private opinions. Every proſelyte is like a new argument for the eſtabliſhment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reaſon of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his *Zeal*, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheiſt, who maintains and ſpreads his opinions with as much heart as thoſe who believe they do it only out of a paſſion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitation of *Zeal*.

Many

Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in ſome meaſure quelled and ſubdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not ſeem to him inconſiſtent with the duties of a Chriſtian, it throws off all reſtraint, and rages in its full fury. *Zeal* is therefore a great eaſe to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God ſervice, whilſt he is gratifying the bent of a perverſe revengeful temper. For this reaſon we find, that moſt of the maſſacres and devaſtations, which have been in the world, have taken their riſe from a furious pretended *Zeal*.

I love to ſee a man *zealous* in a good matter, and eſpecially when his *Zeal* ſhews itſelf for advancing morality, and promoting the happineſs of mankind: But when I find the inſtruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he impriſons men's perſons, confiſcates their eſtates, ruins their families, and burns the body to ſave the ſoul, I cannot ſtick to pronounce of ſuch a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of theſe falſe *Zealots* in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monſtrous ſpecies of men, who one would not think had any exiſtence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary converſation, I mean the *Zealots* in atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe men, tho' they fall ſhort, in every other reſpect, of thoſe who make a profeſſion of religion, would at leaſt outſhine them in this particular,

particular, and be exempt from that ſingle fault which ſeems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion: But ſo it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceneſs and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the ſafety of mankind depended upon it. There is ſomething ſo ridiculous and perverſe in this kind of *Zealots*, that one does not know how to ſet them out in their proper colours. They are a ſort of gameſters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come over to them, though at the ſame time they allow that neither of them ſhall get any thing by the bargain. In ſhort, the *Zeal* of ſpreading atheiſm is, if poſſible, more abſurd than atheiſm itſelf.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable *Zeal* which appears in atheiſts and infidels, I muſt farther obſerve that they are likewiſe in a moſt particular manner poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impoſſibility, and at the ſame time look upon the ſmalleſt difficulty in an article of faith as a ſufficient reaſon for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reaſon of mankind, that are conformable to the ſenſe of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happineſs of ſocieties, or of particular perſons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and ſchemes erected in their ſtead that are altogether monſtrous and irrational, and require the moſt extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would

fain

fain aſk one of theſe bigotted infidels, ſuppoſing all the great points of atheiſm, as the *caſual or eternal formation of the world*, the *materiality of a thinking ſubſtance*, the *mortality of the ſoul*, the *fortuitous organization of the body*, the *motions and gravitation of matter*, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed according to the opinions of the moſt celebrated atheiſts; I ſay, ſuppoſing ſuch a creed as this were formed, and impoſed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater meaſure of faith, than any ſet of articles which they ſo violently oppoſe. Let me therefore adviſe this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at leaſt ſo conſiſtently with themſelves, as not to burn with *Zeal* for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonſenſe. C

No. 186. Wedneſday, October 3.

Cælum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ.----

Hor. Od. 3. l. 1. v. 38.

-----Scarce the gods, and heav'nly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes. DRYDEN.

UPON my return to my lodgings laſt night I found a letter from my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I have given ſome account of in my former

former papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleaſed with the latter part of my yeſterday's ſpeculation; and at the ſame time incloſed the following eſſay, which he deſires me to publiſh as the ſequel of that diſcourſe. It conſiſts partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of ſuch as have been already uſed, but now ſet in a ſtronger light.

'A believer may be excuſed by the moſt hardened 'atheiſt for endeavouring to make him a convert, 'becauſe he does it with an eye to both their intereſts. 'The atheiſt is inexcuſable who tries to gain over a 'believer, becauſe he does not propoſe doing him-'ſelf or the believer any good by ſuch a converſion.

'The proſpect of a future ſtate is the ſecret com-'fort and refreſhment of my ſoul; it is that which 'makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all 'my pleaſures, and ſupports me under all my afflic-'tions. I can look at diſappointments and misfor-'tunes, pain and ſickneſs, death itſelf, and, what is 'worſe than death, the loſs of thoſe who are deareſt 'to me, with indifference, ſo long as I keep in view 'the pleaſures of eternity, and the ſtate of being in 'which there will be no fears nor apprehenſions, 'pain nor ſorrow, ſickneſs nor ſeparation. Why will 'any man be ſo impertinently officious as to tell me 'all this is only fancy and deluſion? is there any 'merit in being the meſſenger of ill news? if it is a 'dream, let me enjoy it, ſince it makes me both the 'happier and better man.

'I muſt

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a man 'who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other 'words, a future state of rewards and punishments. 'Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to 'promote our own interest above all things. It can 'never be for the interest of a believer to do me a 'mischief, because he is sure upon the balance of 'accounts to find himself a loser by it. On the con-'trary, if he considers his own welfare in his beha-'viour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the 'good he can, and at the same time restrain him from 'doing me an injury. An unbeliever does not act 'like a reosonable creature, if he favours me contra-'ry to his present interest, or does not distress me 'when it turns to his present advantage. Honour 'and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but 'as these would be very much strengthened by rea-'son and principle, so without them they are only 'instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest 'on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with so good success 'of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-'works. The atheist has not found his post tenable, 'and therefore is retired into deism, and a disbelief 'of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the 'greatest number of this set of men, are those who, 'for want of a virtuous education, or examining the 'grounds of religion, know so very little of the mat-'ter in question, that their infidelity is but another 'term for their ignorance.

'As

'As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

'The great received articles of the Christian religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightning of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from the

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'chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of 'morality in its three great branches? To give a 'ſingle example in each kind: What can be a ſtronger 'motive to a firm truſt and reliance on the mercies of 'our Maker, than the giving his ſon to ſuffer for us? 'What can make us love and eſteem even the moſt 'inconſiderable of mankind more than the thought 'that Chriſt died for him? Or what diſpoſe us to 'ſet a ſtricter guard upon the purity of our own 'hearts, than our being members of Chriſt, and a 'part of the ſociety of which that immaculate per-'ſon is the head? But theſe are only a ſpecimen 'of thoſe admirable inforcements of morality, which 'the apoſtle has drawn from the hiſtory of our bleſ-'ſed Saviour.

'If our modern infidels conſidered theſe matters 'with that candour and ſerioufneſs which they de-'ſerve, we ſhould not ſee them act with ſuch a ſpirit 'of bitterneſs, arrogance, and malice: They would 'not be raiſing ſuch inſignificant cavils, doubts, and 'ſcruples, as may be ſtarted againſt every thing 'that is not capable of mathematical demonſtration, 'in order to unſettle the minds of the ignorant, diſ-'turb the public peace, ſubvert morality, and throw 'all things into confuſion and diſorder. If none of 'theſe reflections can have any influence on them, 'there is one that perhaps may, becauſe it is adapt-'ed to their vanity, by which they ſeem to be guid-'ed much more than their reaſon. I would there-'fore have them conſider, that the wiſeſt and beſt

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'of men, in all ages of the world, have been thoſe
'who lived up to the religion of their country when
'they ſaw nothing in it oppoſite to morality, and
'to the beſt lights they had of the divine nature.
'*Pythagoras*'s firſt rule directs us to worſhip the
'Gods *as it is ordained by law*, for that is the moſt
'natural interpretation of the precept. *Socrates*,
'who was the moſt renowned among the heathens
'both for wiſdom and virtue, in his laſt moments,
'deſires his friends to offer a cock to *Æſculapius*;
'doubtleſs out of a ſubmiſſive deference to the eſta-
'bliſhed worſhip of his country. *Xenophon* tells us that
'his prince (whom he ſets forth as a pattern of per-
'fection) when he found his death approaching, of-
'fered ſacrifices on the mountains to the *Perſian Ju-
'piter*, and the ſun, *according to the cuſtom of the
'Perſians*; for thoſe are the words of the hiſtorian.
'Nay, the *Epicureans* and atomical philoſophers
'ſhewed a very remarkable modeſty in this particu-
'lar: for though the being of a God was entirely
'repugnant to their ſchemes of natural philoſophy,
'they contented themſelves with the denial of a Pro-
'vidence, aſſerting at the ſame time the exiſtence of
'Gods in general; becauſe they would not ſhock
'the common belief of mankind, and the religion
'of their country. L.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM